

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND



By the Author of "THE HABITANT"

Can 9664.1.41.42



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems.

The Voyageur, and Other Poems.

Johnnie Courteau, and Other Poems.

The Great Fight.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK AND LONDON


FREDERICK S COBURN — 1908

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

AND OTHER POEMS

By William Henry Drummond
Author of "The [illegible]"

~~The Curé~~ of Calumette

With [illegible]
Frederick [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
G. P. Putnam's Sons
1906

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

: : : : : : AND OTHER POEMS

By William Henry Drummond

Author of "The Habitant," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

Frederick Simpson Coburn

TWENTY-SECOND THOUSAND

New York and London
G. P. Putnam's Sons
1909

Can 9664.1.41.42



COPYRIGHT, 1901
BY
WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Set up and electrotyped, September, 1901
Reprinted, November, 1901; November, 1902; July, 1904; March, 1905
April, 1905; January, 1906; June, 1906; March, 1907; May, 1907
July, 1908; March, 1909

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

DEDICATED TO

HON. PETER WHITE, A.M.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

Merchant of Venice



CONTENTS

	PAGE
JOHNNIE COURTEAU	3
THE CORDUROY ROAD	7
THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE	13
THE OYSTER SCHOONER	19
MY LITTLE CABANE	23
BATEESE THE LUCKY MAN	28
THE HILL OF ST. SEBASTIEN.	31
MARIE LOUISE	35
THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW	40
THE CANADIAN COUNTRY DOCTOR	47
MON FRERE CAMILLE	52
THE HABITANT'S SUMMER	59
LITTLE LAC GRENIER	65
THE WINDIGO	67
NATIONAL POLICY	77
AUTUMN DAYS	81
MADELEINE VERCHERES	84
THE ROSE DELIMA	91

PAGE

LITTLE MOUSE 102
STRATHCONA'S HORSE 106
JOHNNIE'S FIRST MOOSE 108
THE OLD PINE TREE 113
LITTLE BATEESE 116
DONAL' CAMPBELL 118
THE DUBLIN FUSILIER 121
DREAMS 126
THE OLD SEXTON 128
CHILD THOUGHTS 132
BATEESE AND HIS LITTLE DECOYS . . 135
PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE 140
THE LOG JAM 145
THE CANADIAN MAGPIE 151
THE RED CANOE 155
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO 157

Remember when these tales you read
Of rude but honest "Canayen,"
That Joliet, La Verandrye,
La Salle, Marquette, and Hennepin
Were all true "Canayen" themselves—
And in their veins the same red stream:
The conquering blood of Normandie
Flowed strong, and gave America
Coureurs de bois and voyageurs
Whose trail extends from sea to sea!

Johnnie Courteau



Johnnie Courteau

JOHNNIE Courteau of de mountain
Johnnie Courteau of de hill
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run
An' it 's not very offen you ketch heem still
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever
Ax dem along de shore
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan ?
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,
Johnnie Courteau!

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac
Who was de man can walk de log,
W'en w'ole of de reever she 's black wit' fog
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back ?
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem
If de raf' she 's swingin' roun'

An' he 's yellin' " Hooraw Bateese! good man!"
W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he 's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree
Who 's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife ?
Johnnie Courteau!

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
On Lac a la Tortue
W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,
Johnnie Courteau!

Oh he never was scare for not'ing
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he 's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way
For he 's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
An' shout " All aboar' if you want to fight!"

Wall! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
On Philomene Beaurepaire
She 's nice leetle girl was run de school
On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere
Johnnie Courteau!

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie
W'en he marry on Philomene
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun'
An' he 's quieter feller was never seen,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'
Along on de reever up an' down
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man
Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening
No matter de hard we try
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song
" A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle

Que je m'y suis baigner!
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
Till baby 's asleep on de sweet bimeby
Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it
De place she 's so nice an' clean
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
You 're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere
But anyhow nobody see it dere
So she 's buyin' new farm de noder day
MADAME Courteau!





The Corduroy Road

DE corduroy road go bompety bomp,
De corduroy road go jompety jomp,
An' he 's takin' beeg chances upset hees load
De horse dat 'll trot on de corduroy road.

Of course it 's purty rough, but it's handy
t'ing enough
An' dey mak' it wit' de log all jine togeder
W'en dey strek de swampy groun' w'ere de
water hang aroun'
Or passin' by some tough ole beaver medder.

But it 's not macadamize, so if you 're only
wise
You will tak' your tam an' never min' de
worry
For de corduroy is bad, an' will mak' you
plaintee mad
By de way de buggy jomp, in case you hurry.

An' I 'm sure you don't expec' leetle Victorine
Leveque
She was knowin' moche at all about dem
places,
'Cos she 's never dere before, till young Zeph-
irin Madore
He was takin' her away for see de races.

O, I wish you see her den, dat 's before she
marry, w'en
She 's de fines' on de lan' but no use talkin'
I can bet you w'at you lak, if you meet her
you look back
Jus' to watch de fancy way dat girl is walkin'.

Yass de leetle Victorine was de nices' girl be-
tween
De town of Yamachiche an' Maskinongé,
But she 's stuck up an' she 's proud, an' you 'll
never count de crowd
Of de boy she geev' it w'at dey call de congé.

Ah! de moder spoil her sure, for even Joe
D'Amour
W'en he 's ready nearly ev'ry t'ing to geev
her
If she mak' de mariée, only say, " please go
away "
An' he 's riches habitant along de reever.

Zephirin he try it too, an' he 's workin' some-
t'ing new
For he 's makin' de ole woman many presen'
Prize package on de train, umbrella for de rain
But she 's grompy all de tam, an' never
pleasan'.

Wall, w'en he ax Ma-dame tak' de girl away
dat tam
See dem races on Sorel wit' all de trotter
De moder say " All right if you bring her
home to-night
Before de cow 's milk, I let her go, ma
daughter."

So Victorine she go wit' Zephirin her beau
On de yankee buggy mak' it on St. Bruno
An' w' en dey pass hotel on de middle of Sorel
Dey 're puttin' on de beeges' style dat you
know.

Wall! dey got some good horse dere, but
Zephirin don't care
He 's back it up hees own paroisse, ba golly,
An' he mak' it t'ree doll-arre w'en Maskinongé
Star
On de two mile heat was beatin' Sorel Molly.

Victorine don't min' at all, till de " free for all " dey call
Dat 's de las' race dey was run before de snow fly
Den she say " I t'ink de cow mus' be gettin' home soon now
An' you know it 's only clock ole woman go by.

An' if we 're comin' late w'en de cow pass on de gate
You 'll be sorry if you hear de way she talk dere,
So w'en I see de race on Sorel or any place
Affer dis, you may be sure I got to walk dere."

Den he laugh dat Zephirin, an' he say " Your poor mama
I know de pile she t'ink about her daughter
So we 'll tak' de short road back on de corduroy race track
Don't matter if we got to sweem de water."

No wonder he is smile till you hear heem half a mile
For dat morning he was tole hees leetle broder
Let de cattle out de gate, so he know it 's purty late
By de tam dem cow was findin' out each oder.

So along de corduroy de young girl an' de boy
Dey was kipin' up a joggin' nice an' steady

It is n't heavy load, an' Guillaume he know de road
For many tam he 's been dat way already.

But de girl she fin' it slow, so she ax de boy to go
Somet'ing better dan a mile on fifteen minute
An' he 's touch heem up Guillaume; so dat horse he lay for home
An' de nex' t'ing Victorine she know she 's in it.

" O, pull him in," she yell, " for even on Sorel
I am sure I never see de quicker racer,"
But it 's leetle bit too late, for de horse is get hees gait
An' de worse of all ba gosh! Guillaume 's a pacer.

See hees tail upon de air, no wonder she was scare
But she hang on lak de winter on T'ree Reever.
Cryin' out—" please hol' me tight, or I 'm comin' dead to-night
An' ma poor ole moder dear, I got to leave her."

Wit' her arm aroun' hees wais'; she was doin' it in case
She bus' her head, or keel herse'f, it 's not so easy sayin'
Dey was comin' on de jomp t'roo dat dam ole beaver swamp
An' meet de crowd is lookin' for dem cow was go a-strayin'.

Den she 's cryin', Victorine, for she 's knowin' w'at it mean
De parish dey was talkin' firse chances dey be gettin',
But no sooner dat young man stop de horse, he tak' her han'
An' w'isper " never min', ma chere, won't do no good a-frettin'."

Non! she is n't cryin' long, for he tole her it was wrong
She 's sure he save her life too, or she was moche mistaken,
An' de ole Ma-dame Leveque also kiss heen on de neck
An' quickly affer dat Hooraw! de man an' wife dey 're makin'.

The Curé of Calumette

[The Curé of a French Canadian parish, when summoned to the bedside of a dying member of his flock, always carries in his buggy or sleigh a bell. This bell serves two purposes: first, it has the effect of clearing a way for the passage of the good priest's vehicle, and, secondly, it calls to prayer those of the faithful who are within hearing of its solemn tones.]

DERE 'S no voyageur on de reever never
run hees canoe d'ecorce
T'roo de roar an' de rush of de rapide, w'ere it
jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,
Dere 's no hunter man on de prairie, never
wear w'at you call racquette
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of
Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder
is pure Canayenne,
Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she 's
fine combination ma frien'

For de Irish he 's full of de devil, an' de French
dey got savoir faire,
Dat 's mak' it de very good balance an' tak'
you mos' ev'ry w'ere.

But dere 's wan t'ing de Curé wont stan' it;
mak' fun on de Irlandais
An' of course on de French we say not'ing,
'cos de parish she 's all Canayen,
Den you see on account of de moder, he can't
spik hese'f very moche,
So de ole joke she 's all out of fashion, an' wan
of dem t'ing we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he
be comin' our place
De peop' on de parish all w'isper, " How
young he was look on hees face;
Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de firse
tam he got leetle wet,
An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it 's
purty tough place, Calumette! "

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he
go on de mission call
On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin'
hees own cariole,

An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin', jus' enough mak' heem ack lak fou,
Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he 's purty beeg feller too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it 's de Curé, so he 's hollerin', " Get out de way,
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside, sapree! you go off on de sleigh."
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule on de line leetle bit,
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise, hees nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé, an' he go for Jo-zeph en masse
An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe is n't feel it firse class,
So nex' tam de Curé he 's goin' for visit de shaintee encore
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never see on dat place before.

An' he know more, I 'm sure dan de lawyer, an' dere 's many poor habitant
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink of de law

W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an' don't know de bes' t'ing to do,
Dat 's makin' dem save plaintee monee, an' kip de good neighbor too.

But w'en we fin' out how he paddle till canoe she was nearly fly
An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snow-dreef is pilin' up high
For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin' de message of peace,
An' get dem prepare for de journey, we 're proud on de leetle pries'!

O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put away safe on de bed
An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' an' watchin' de small curly head
We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de tonder, de win' an' de rain;
So we 're bote passin' out on de doorway, an' lissen an' lissen again.

An' it 's lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweepin' across de sky
An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak somebody 's goin' to die,

But de soun' away down de valley, creepin' aroun' de hill
All de tam gettin' closer. closer, dat 's de soun' mak' de heart stan' still!

It 's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of deat' we hear,
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was comin' near
Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de lantern light,
An' he 's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hill side an' over de bridge below,
W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam, w'en mountain t'row off de snow,
An' so long as we hear heem goin', we kneel on de floor an' pray
Dat God will look affer de Curé, an' de poor soul dat 's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev' it heem jus' de sam',
For w'en a man 's doin' hees duty lak de Curé do all de tam

Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter
he 's riche or poor
Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look
out for dat man, I 'm sure.

I 'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe
know not'ing at all,
But dere 's wan t'ing I 'm alway wishin', an'
dat 's w'en I get de call
For travel de far-away journey, ev'ry wan on
de worl' mus' go
He 'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I 'm
leffin' dis place below.

For I know I 'll be feel more easy, if he 's
sittin' dere by de bed
An' he 'll geev' me de good-bye message, an'
place hees han' on ma head,
Den I 'll hol' if he 'll only let me, dat han' till
de las' las' breat'
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of
Calumette.



The Oyster Schooner

W'AT 'S all dem bell a ringin' for, can hear dem ev'ry w'ere ?
W'at 's bring de peop' togeder on de w'arf at Trois Rivieres,
Dat happy crowd is look so glad, w'y are dey comin' dere ?
O! de reason dey 're so happy w'ile dey 're waitin' dere to-day
Is becos de oyster schooner she 's sailin' up de bay
An' de caraquette an' malpecque will quickly melt away
Affer she was t'row de anchor on T'ree Reever.

For w'y dey mak' de fuss lak dat, an' nearly broke deir neck,
Ain't dey got de noder oyster more better dan malpecque
Or caraquette, dat leetle wan from down below Kebeck ?

Wall! ax de crowd dat question w'ile dey 're
waitin' dere to-day,
So glad to see La Belle Marie sailin' up de bay,
An' dey 'll drown you on de water, so you 'll
know about de way
She was t'rowin' out de anchor on T'ree
Reever.

Dere 's ole Joe Lachapelle, he 's blin', can
hardly see at all,
He 's bring de man got wooden leg call Jimmie
Sauriol,
An' bote dem feller jomp aroun' lak mooshrat
on de fall,
For dey know de schooner 's comin', she 's
sailin' up de bay,
An' de reason she don't hurry w'ile dey 're
waitin' dere to-day,
Is becos she 's full of oyster, will quickly pass
away
W'en dat schooner t'row de anchor on T'ree
Reever.

We 've trottin' race las' winter, an' circus on
de spring,
Wit' elephan' an' monkey too, all playin' on
de ring,
But beeger crowd she 's comin' now, for w'y ?
it 's differen' t'ing,

For dey 're waitin' on dat schooner, she 's sailin' up de bay
Dey smell de malpecque oyster an' caraquette to-day
An' O! ba gosh, dey 'll eat dem! it 's alway be de way
W'en dat schooner t'row de anchor on T'ree Reever.

" She 's comin' in—she 's comin' in," jus' lissen to de cry!
" Get out de line an' hol' her fas', for fear she 's passin' by,
For if dere 's somet'ing happen now, de peop' will surely die."
Affer waitin' on dat schooner, she 's sailin' up de bay
Lak de sparrow on de wood-pile watchin' all de day,
But dey got her safe enough now, she 'll never sail away
Till dem oyster she was finish on T'ree Reever.

" All aboar'—comment câ va, Captinne Beliveau ?
We 're glad to see you back again from Caraquette below,
But we 're sorry you don't hurry, w'en you got such nice car-go."

So dey ketch dat oyster schooner, she 's sailin' up de bay,
Dey ketch her an' dey hol' her till de oyster 's gone away
An' she 's two foot out de water La Belle Marie nex' day
Affer she was t row de anchor on T'ree Reever.



My Leetle Cabane

I'M sittin' to-night on ma leetle cabane, more happier dan de king,
An' ev'ry corner 's ringin' out wit' musique de ole stove sing
I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm-gate 's open wide
But I don't care not'ing for win' or storm, so long I was safe inside.

Viens 'ci, mon chien, put your head on dere, let your nose res' on ma knee—
You 'member de tam we chase de moose back on de Lac Souris
An' de snow come down an' we los' ourse'f till mornin' is bring de light,
You t'ink we got place to sleep, mon chien, lak de place we got here to-night

Onder de roof of de leetle cabane, w'ere fire
she 's blazin' high
An' bed I mak' of de spruce tree branch, is lie
on de floor close by,
O! I lak de smell of dat nice fresh bed, an' I
dream of de summer tam
An' de spot w'ere de beeg trout jomp so
moche down by de lumber dam.

But lissen dat win', how she scream outside,
mak me t'ink of de loup garou,
W'y to-night, mon chien, I be feelin' glad if
even de carcajou
Don't ketch hese'f on de trap I set to-day on
de Lac Souris
Let heem wait till to-morrow, an' den if he
lak, I geev heem good chance, sapree!

I see beeg cloud w'en I 'm out to-day, off on
de nor'-eas' sky,
An' she block de road, so de cloud behin',
don't get a chance passin' by,
An' I t'ink of boom on de grande riviere, w'en
log 's fillin' up de bay,
Wall! sam' as de boom on de spring-tam
flood, dat cloud she was sweep away.

Dem log 's very nice an' quiet, so long as de
boom 's all right,
But soon as de boom geev way, l'enfant! it 's
den is begin de fight.
Dey run de rapide, an' jomp de rock, dey leap
on de air an' dive,
Can hear dem roar from de reever shore, jus'
lak dey was all alive.

An' dat was de way wit' de cloud to-day, de
res' of dem push aside,
For dey 're comin' fas' from de cole nor'-eas'
an' away t'roo de sky dey ride
Shakin' de snow as along dey go, lak grain
from de farmer's han'
Till to-morrow you can't see not'ing at all, but
smoke of de leetle cabane.

I 'm glad we don't got no chimley, only hole
on de roof up dere,
An' spark fly off on w'ole of de worl', so dere 's
no use gettin' scare,
Mus' get more log! an' it 's lucky too, de wood
pile is stannin' near
So blow away storm, for harder you go, de
warmer she 's comin' here—

I wonder how dey get on, mon chien, off on de
great beeg town,
W'ere house is so high, near touch de sky,
mus' be danger of fallin' down.
An' worser too on de night lak dis, ketchin'
dat terrible win',
O! leetle small place lak de ole cabane was de
right place for stayin' in.

I s'pose dey got plaintee bodder too, dem
feller dat 's be riche man,
For dey 're never knowin' w'en t'ief may come
an' steal all de t'ing he can
An' de monee was kip dem busy too, watchin'
it night an' day,
Dunno but we 're better off here, mon chien,
wit' beeg city far away.

For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it
ma birch canoe,
I look on de wall w'ere ma rifle hang along wit'
de good snowshoe,
An' ev'ry t'ing else on de worl' I got, safe on
dis place near me.
An' here you are too, ma brave ole dog, wit'
your nose up agen ma knee.

An' here we be stay t'roo de summer day,
w'en ev'ry t'ing 's warm an' bright
On winter too w'en de stormy win' blow lak
she blow to-night
Let dem stay on de city, on great beeg house,
dem feller dat 's be riche man
For we're happy an' satisfy here, mon chien,
on our own leetle small cabane.



Bateese the Lucky Man

HE 'S alway ketchin' doré, an' he 's alway ketchin' trout
On de place w'ere no wan else can ketch at all
He 's alway ketchin' barbotte, dat 's w'at you call bull-pout,
An' he never miss de wil' duck on de fall.

O! de pa'tridge do some skippin' w'en she see heem on de swamp
For she know Bateese don't go for not'ing dere,
An' de rabbit if he 's comin', wall! you ought to see heem jomp.
W'y he want to climb de tree he feel so scare.

Affer two hour by de reever I hear hees leetle song
Den I meet heem all hees pocket full of snipe,

An' me, I go de sam' place, an' I tramp de w'ole day long
An' I 'm only shootin' two or t'ree, Ba Cripe!

I start about de sun-rise, an' I put out ma decoy,
An' I see Bateese he sneak along de shore,
An' before it 's comin' breakfas', he 's holler on hees boy
For carry home two dozen duck or more.

An' I 'm freezin' on de blin'—me—from four o'clock to nine
An' ev'ry duck she 's passin' up so high.
Dere 's blue-bill an' butter-ball, an' red-head, de fines' kin
An' I might as well go shootin' on de sky.

Don't see de noder feller lak Bateese was lucky man,
He can ketch de smartes' feesh is never sweem,
An' de bird he seldom miss dem, let dem try de hard dey can
W'y de eagle on de mountain can't fly away from heem.

But all de bird, an' feesh too, is geev' up feelin' scare,
An' de rabbit he can stay at home in bed,
For he feesh an' shoot no longer, ole Jean Bateese Belair,
'Cos he 's dead.





The Hill of St. Sebastien

I OUGHT to feel more satisfy an' happy dan
I be,
For better husban' dan ma own, it 's very
hard to fin'
An' plaintee woman if dey got such boy an'
girl as me
Would never have no troub' at all, an'
not'ing on deir min'
But w'ile dey 're alway wit' me, an' dough I
love dem all
I can't help t'inkin' w'en I watch de chil'ren
out at play
Of tam I 'm jus' lak dat mese'f, an' den de
tear will fall
For de hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

It seem so pleasan' w'en I come off here ten
year ago
An' hardes' work I 'm gettin' den, was never
heavy load,

De roughes' place is smoot' enough, de quickes' gait is slow
For glad I am to foller w'ere Louis lead de road
But somet'ing 's comin' over me, I feel it more an' more
It 's alway pullin' on de heart, an' stronger ev'ry day,
An' O! I long to see again de reever an' de shore
W'ere de hill of St. Sebastien is lookin' on de bay!

I use to t'ink it 's fine t'ing once, to stan' upon de door
An' see de great beeg medder dere, stretchin' far an' wide,
An' smell de pleasan' flower dat grow lak star on de prairie floor,
An' watch de spotted antelope was feedin' ev'ry side,
How did we gain it, man an' wife, dis lan' was no man's lan' ?
By rifle, an' harrow an' plow, shovel an' spade an' hoe
De blessin' of good God up above, an' work of our own strong han'
Till it stan' on de middle, our leetle nes', w'ere de wheat an' cornfiel' grow.

An' soon de chil'ren fill de house, wit' musique all day long,
De sam' ma moder use to sing on de cradle over me,
I 'm almos' sorry it 's be ma fault dey learn dem ole tam song
W'at good is it tak' me off lak dat back on ma own contree ?
Till de reever once more I see again, an' lissen it's current flow
An' dere 's Hercule de ferry man comin' across de bay!
Wat 's use of foolin' me lak dat ? for surely I mus' know
De hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

W'en Louis ketch me dat summer night watchin' de sky above,
Seein' de mountain an' de lake, wit' small boat sailin' roun'
He kiss me an' say—" Toinette, I 'm glad dis prairie lan' you love
For travel de far you can, ma belle, it 's fines' on top de groun'! "
Jus' w'en I 'm lookin' dat beeg cloud too, standin' dere lak a wall!
Sam' as de hill I know so well, home on ma own contree,

Good job I was cryin' quiet den, an' Louis
can't hear at all
But I kiss de poor feller an' laugh, an' never
say not'ing—me.

W'at can you do wit' man lak dat, an' w'y am
I bodder so ?
De firse t'ing he might fin' it out, den hees
heart will feel it sore
An' if he say " Come home Toinette," I 'm
sure I mus' answer " No,"
For if I 'm seein' dat place again, I never
return no more!
So let de heart break—I don't care, I won't
say not'ing—me—
I 'll mak' dat promise on mese'f, an' kip it
night an' day
But O! Mon Dieu! how glad, how glad, an'
happy I could be
If de hill of St. Sebastien was not so far
away!



MARIE LOUISE.

DIS was de story of boy an' girl
Dat 's love each oder above de worl'
But it 's not easy job for mak' l'amour
W'en de girl she 's riche an' de boy he 's poor
All de sam' he don't worry an' she don't cry,
But wait for good chances come bimeby.

Young Marie Louise Hurtubuise
Was leev wit' her moder la veuve Denise
On fines' house on de w'ole chemin
From Caribou reever to St. Germain
For ole woman 's boss on de grande moulin.

W'ere dere 's nice beeg dam, water all de tam
An' season t'roo runnin' jus' de sam'
Wit' good leetle creek comin' off de hill
Was helpin' de reever for work de mill
So de grande moulin she is never still.

No wonder Denise she was hard to please
W'en de boy come sparkin' Marie Louise
For affer de foreman Bazile is pay
De mill she 's bringin' t'ree dollar a day
An' for makin' de monee, dat 's easy way.

An' de girl Marie, O! she 's tres jolie,
Jompin' aroun lak de summer bee
She 's never short plaintee t'ing to do
An' mebbe she ketch leetle honey too,
'Cos she 's jus' as sweet as de morning dew.

An' we'n she was dress on her Sunday bes'
An' walk wit' her moder on seconde messe
Dere 's not'ing is bring de young man so fas'
An' dey stan' on door of church en masse
So res' of de peop' dey can hardly pass.

An' she know musique, 'cos on Chris'mas week
W'en organ man on de church is sick
(S'pose he got de grippe) dat girl she play
Lak college professor, de pries' is say
Till de place it was crowd nearly ev'ry day.

Ole Curé Belair of St. Pollinaire,
Dat 's parish ten mile noder side riviere,
If he 's not gettin' mad, it was funny t'ing
W'en hees young man fly lak bird on de wing
Wit' nobody lef' behin' to sing.

An' nex' t'ing dey know it 's comin' so
Dat mos' of de girl she got no beau,
An' of course dat 's makin' de jealousie
For w'en de young feller he see Marie
He see not'ing else on hees eye, sapree!

Mus' be somet'ing done sure as de gun,
It 's all very well for de boy have fun
But dere 's noder t'ing too, must n't be forget,
Dere 's two fine parish dat 's all upset
An' mebbe de troub' is n't over yet.

So ev'ry wan say de only way
Is gettin' young Marie Louise mariée,
Den dey have beeg meetin' on magasin,
W'ere he sit on de chair Aleck Sanschagrin,
An' dey 'point heem for go on de grande moulin.

But w'en Aleck come dere for arrange affaire,
Ole Madame Denise she was mak' heem scare

For jus' on de minute she see hees face
She know right away all about de case
An' she tole Bazile t'row heem off de place.

Now de young Bazile he was t'ink good deal
Of Marie Louise an' he 's ready for keel
Any feller come foolin' aroun' de door
So he kick dat man till he 's feelin' sore,
An' Aleck he never go back no more.

If it 's true w'at dey say, Joe Boulanger
Was crazy to fight Irish man wan day
W'en he steal all de pork on hees dinner can,
Den it is n't so very hard onderstan'
Bazile Latour mus' be darn smart man.

For nobody know de poor feller Joe
W'en he 's come from de grande moulin below
'Cept hees moder, dat 's tole heem mak' promise sure
Kip off on de mill, an' Bazile Latour,
(But it 's long before doctor can mak' heem cure).

Den de ole Denise she was very please,
An' nex' day spik wit' Marie Louise,
" Ma girl, I got de right man for you
If you can only jus' love heem true,
Bazile dat young feller, I t'ink he 'll do.'

" Wall! Moder he 's poor, Bazile Latour,
But if you t'ink you will lak heem sure
I 'll try an' feex it mese'f some day
For you 've been de good moder wit' me
alway "
An' dat 's w'at Marie Louise she say.

So it 's comin' right affer all de fight,
An' de parish don't see de more finer sight
Dan w'en dey get marry on St. Germain
W'y de buggy she 's pilin' de w'ole chemin
All de way from de church to de grande moulin.



The Old House and the New

IS it only twelve mont' I play de fool,
 You 're sure it 's correc', ma dear ?
I 'm glad for hearin' you spik dat way
 For I t'ink it was twenty year,
Since leffin' de leetle ole house below,
 I mak' wit' ma own two han'
For go on dat fine beeg place, up dere—
 Mon Dieu! I 'm de crazy man!

You 'member we 're not very riche, cherie,
 Dat tam we 're beginnin' life!
Mese'f I 'm twenty, an' you eighteen
 W'en I 'm bringin' you home ma wife,

Many de worry an' troub' we got
An' some of dem was n't small,
But not very long dey bodder us
For we work an' forget dem all.

An' you was de savin' woman too,
Dere 's nobody beat you dere!
An' I laugh w'en I t'ink of de tam you go
Over on Trois Rivieres
For payin' de bank—you know how moche
We 're owin' for dat new place
W'at was he sayin' de nice young man
Smilin' upon hees face

W'en he got dat monee was all pure gole
Come down on your familee
For honder year an' mebbe more ?
" Ma-dame you 're excusin' me,
But w'ere was you gettin' dis nice gole coin
Of Louis Quatorze, hees tam
Wit' hees face on back of dem ev'ry wan ?
For dey 're purty scase now, Ma-dam ? "

An' you say " Dat 's not'ing at all M'sieu'
Ma familee get dem t'ing,
I suppose it 's very long tam ago,
W'en Louis Quatorze is King,

An' I 'm sorry poor feller he 's comin' dead
 An' not leevin' here to-day
'Cos man should be good on hees frien', M'sieu'
 W'en de monee he mak' dat way."

Yass, ev'ry wan know we 're workin' hard
 An' savin' too all dem year,
But nobody see us starve ourse'f
 Dere 's plaintee to eat, don't fear—
Bimeby our chil'ren dey 're growin' up
 So we 're doin' de bes' we can
Settle dem off on de firse good chance
 An' geevin' dem leetle lan'.

An' den de troub' is begin to show
 W'en our daughter poor Caroline
She marry dat lawyer on Trois Rivieres
 De beeges' fool never seen!
Alway come home ev'ry summer sure
 Bringin' her familee,
All right for de chil'ren, I don't min' dem;
 But de husban'! sapree maudit!

I wish I was close ma ear right off
 W'en he talk of our leetle house
Dough I know w'en familee's comin' home
 Dere is n't moche room for a mouse,

He say " Riche man lak youse'f can't leev'
On shaintee lak dis below,
W'en t'ousan' dollar will buil' fin' place
Up on de hill en haut."

An' he talk about gallerie all aroun'
W'ere we sit on de summer night
Watchin' de star on de sky above
W'ile de moon she was shinin' bright,
Could plant some apple-tree dere, also,
An' flower, an' I dunno w'at,
An' w'en de sun he 's begin to rise
Look at de view we got!

Den he bring 'noder feller from Trois Rivieres
An' show w'at he call de plan
For makin' dem house on de w'ole contree—
Mon Dieu! how I hate dat man!
'Cos he 's talkin' away nearly all de tam
Lak trotter upon de race—
Wall! affer a w'ile we mak' our min'
For havin' dat nice new place.

So dey go ahead, an' we let dem go,
But stuff dey was t'row away;
I 'm watchin' for dat, an' I save mese'f
Mebbe twenty-five cent a day,

For you 're surely cheat if you don't tak' care
Very offen we fin' dat 's true,
An' affer de house she was finish up,
We 're geevin' it nam' Bellevue.

O! yass, I know we enjoy ourse'f
W'en our frien' dey was comin' roun'
An' say " Dat 's very fine place you got;
Dere 's not'ing upon de town,
Or anyw'ere else for honder mile
Dis house Bellevue can touch,
An' den let de horse eat de garden fence
Non! we don't enjoy dat so moche.

An' of course we can't say not'ing at all
For it 's not correc' t'ing you know—
But " Never min' dat, an' please come again,
I 'm sorry you got to go."
Baptême! w'en I 'm seein' beeg feller bus'
Our two dollar easy chair—
Can't help it at all, I got to go
Down on de cellar an' swear!

An' w'ere did we leev' on dat belle maison ?
Wan room an' de kitchen, dat 's all
An' plaintee too for de man an' wife!
An' you 'member de tam I fall

Off on de gallerie wan dark night,
I los' mese'f tryin' fin'
De winder dere on de grande parloir,
For closin' it up de blin' ?

An' all de tam de poor leetle house
Is down on de road below,
I t'ink she was jealous dat fine new place
Up on de hill en haut,
For O! she look lonesome by herse'f
De winder all broke an' gone—
No smoke on de chimley comin' out
No frien' stannin' dere—not wan.

You 'member too,w'en de fever come
An' ketch us wan winter day ?
W'at he call de shaintee, our son-in-law,
Dat 's w'ere dey pass away
Xavier, Zoë, an' Euchariste
Our chil'ren wan, two, t'ree—
I offen t'ink of de room dey die,
An' I can't help cryin'—me.

So we 'll go on de ole house once again,
Long enough we been fool lak dis
Never min' w'at dey say bimeby, ma chere
But geev me de leetle kiss,

Let dem stay on dat fine new place up dere:
 Our daughter an' son-in-law
For to-morrow soon as de sun will rise
 We 're goin' back home—Hooraw!



THE CANADIAN COUNTRY DOCTOR.

I S'POSE mos' ev'ry body t'ink hees job 's about de hardes'
From de boss man on de Gouvernement to poor man on de town
From de curé to de lawyer, an' de farmer to de school boy
An' all de noder feller was mak' de worl' go roun'.

But dere 's wan man got hees han' full t'roo ev'ry kin' of wedder
An' he 's never sure of not'ing but work an' work away—
Dat 's de man dey call de doctor, w'en you ketch heem on de contree
An' he 's only man I know-me, don't got no holiday.

If you 're comin' off de city spen' de summer tam among us
An' you walk out on de morning w'en de leetle bird is sing
Mebbe den you see de doctor w'en he 's passin wit' hees buggy
An' you t'ink " Wall! contree doctor mus' be very pleasan' t'ing

" Drivin' dat way all de summer up an' down along de reever
W'ere de nice cool win' is blowin' among de maple tree
Den w'en he 's mak' hees visit, comin' home before de night tam
For pass de quiet evening wit' hees wife an' familee."

An' w'en off across de mountain, some wan 's sick an' want de doctor
" Mus' be fine trip crossin' over for watch de sun go down
Makin' all dem purty color lak w'at you call de rainbow,"
Dat 's way de peop' is talkin' was leevin' on de town.

But it is n't alway summer on de contree, an' de doctor
He could tole you many story of de storm dat he 's been in
How hees coonskin coat come handy, w'en de win' blow off de reever
For if she 's sam' ole reever, she 's not alway sam' old win'.

An' de mountain dat 's so quiet w'en de w'ite cloud go a-sailin'
All about her on de summer w'ere de sheep is feedin' high
You should see her on December w'en de snow is pilin' roun' her
An' all de win' of winter come tearin' t'roo de sky.

O! le bon Dieu help de doctor w'en de message come to call heem
From hees warm bed on de night-tam for visit some poor man
Lyin' sick across de hill side on noder side de reever
An' he hear de mountain roarin' lak de beeg Shawinigan.

Ah! well he know de warning but he can't
stay till de morning
So he 's hitchin' up hees leetle horse an' put
heem on burleau
Den w'en he 's feex de buffalo, an' wissle to
hees pony
Away t'roo storm an' hurricane de contree
doctor go.

O! de small Canadian pony! dat 's de horse
can walk de snowdreef.
Dat 's de horse can fin' de road too he 's
never been before
Kip your heart up leetle feller, for dere 's
many mile before you
An' it 's purty hard job tellin' w'en you see
your stable door.

Yass! de doctor he can tole you, if he have de
tam for talkin'
All about de bird was singin' before de sum-
mer lef'
For he 's got dem on hees bureau an' he 's doin'
it hese'f too
An' de las' tam I was dere, me, I see dem all
mese'f.

But about de way he travel t'roo de stormy night of winter
W'en de rain come on de spring flood, an' de bridge is wash away
All de hard work, all de danger dat was offen hang aroun' heem
Dat 's de tam our contree doctor don't have very moche to say.

For it 's purty ole, ole story, an' he alway have it wit' heem
Ever since he come among us on parish Saint Mathieu
An' no doubt he 's feelin' mebbe jus' de sam' as noder feller
So he rader do hees talkin' about somet'ing dat was new.

Mon Frere Camille

MON frere Camille he was firse class blood
W'en he come off de State las' fall,
Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go;
But now he 's no blood at all,
Camille, mon frere.

W'at 's makin' dat change on mon frere Camille ?
Wall! lissen for minute or two,
An' I 'll try feex it up on de leetle song
Dat 's geevin' some chance kin' o' help it along
So wedder I 'm right or wedder I 'm wrong
You 'll know all about heem w'en I get t'roo,
Mon frere Camille.

He never sen' letter for t'orteen year
So of course he mus' be all right
Till telegraph 's comin' from Kan-Ka-Kee
" I 'm leffin' dis place on de half pas' t'ree
W'at you want to bring is de bes' buggee
An' double team sure for me t'orsday night
Ton frere Camille."

I wish you be dere w'en Camille arrive
I bet you will say " W'at 's dat ? "
For he 's got leetle cap very lak tuque bleu
Ole habitant 's wearin' in bed, dat 's true,
An' w'at do you t'ink he carry too ?
Geev it up ? Wall! small valise wit' de fine plug hat.
Mon frere Camille.

" Very strange." I know you will say right off,
For dere 's not'ing wrong wit' hees clothes,
An' he put on style all de bes' he can
Wit' diamon' shinin' across hees han'
An' de way he 's talkin' lak Yankee man
Mus' be purty hard on hees nose,
Mon frere Camille.

But he 'splain all dat about funny cap,
An' tole us de reason w'y,

It seem no feller can travel far,
An' specially too on de Pullman car,
'Less dey wear leetle cap only cos' dollarre,
Dat 's true if he never die,
Mon frere Camille.

Don't look very strong dem fancy boot
But he 's 'splain all dat also
He say paten' ledder she 's nice an' gay
You don't need to polish dem ev'ry day,
Besides he 's too busy for dat alway,
W'en he 's leevin' on Chi-caw-go,
Mon frere Camille.

But de State she was n't de only place
He visit all up an' down,
For he 's goin' Cu-baw an' de Mex-i-co,
W'ere he 's killin' two honder dem wil' taureau,
W'at you call de bull: on de circus show,
O! if you believe heem he travel roun'.
Mon frere Camille.

So of course w'en ma broder was gettin' home
All the peop' on de parish come
Every night on de parlor for hear heem tell
How he foller de brave Generale Roosvel'
W'en rough rider feller dey fight lak hell
An' he walk on de front wit' great beeg drum,
Mon frere Camille.

An' how is he gainin' dat diamon' ring ?
Way off on de Mex-i-co
W'ere he 's pilin' de bull wan summer day
Till it 's not easy haulin' dem all away,
An' de lady dey 're t'rowin' heem large bouquet
For dey lak de style he was keel taureau,
Mon frere Camille.

Wall! he talk dat way all de winter t'roo,
An' hees frien' dey was tryin' fin'
Some bull on de county dat 's wil' enough
For mon frere Camille, but it 's purty tough
'Cos de farmer 's not raisin' such fightin' stuff
An' he don't want not'ing but mos' worse kin'
Mon frere Camille.

Dat 's not pleasan' t'ing mebbe los' hees trade,
If we don't hurry up, for sure,
I s'pose you t'ink I was goin' it strong ?
Never min', somet'ing happen 'fore very long
It 'll all come out on dis leetle song
W'en he pass on de house of Ma-dame Latour
Camille, mon frere.

We 're makin' pique-nique on Denise Latour
For helpin' put in de hay

Too bad she 's de moder large familee
An' los' de bes' husban' she never see
W'en he drown on de reever, poor Jeremie,
So he come wit' de res' of de gang dat day,
Camille, mon frere.

An' affer de hay it was put away
Don't tak' very long at all,
De boy an' de girl she was lookin' 'roun'
For havin' more fun 'fore dey lef' de groun'
An' dey see leetle bull, mebbe t'ree honder poun'
An' nex' t'ing I hear dem call
Mon frere Camille.

So nice leetle feller I never see
Dat bull of Ma-dame Latour
Wit' curly hair on de front hees head
An' quiet ? jus' sam' he was almos' dead
An' fat ? wall! de chil'ren dey see heem fed
So he 's not goin' keel heem I 'm very sure,
Mon frere Camille.

But de girl kip teasin' an' ole Ma-dame
She say, " You can go ahead
He cos' me four dollarre six mont' ago
So if anyt'ing happen ma small taureau,
Who 's pay me dat monee I lak to know ? "
An' he answer, " Dat 's me w'en I keel heem dead"
Mon frere Camille.

Den he feex beeg knife on de twelve foot pole,
So de chil'ren commence to cry
An' he jomp on de fence, an' yell, " Hooraw "
An' shout on de leetle French bull, " Dis donc!
Ain't you scare w'en you see feller from Cubaw ? "
An' he show heem hees red necktie,
Mon frere Camille.

L' petit taureau w'en he see dat tie
He holler for half a mile
Den he jomp on de leg an' he raise de row
Ba Golly! I 'm sure I can see heem now.
An' dey run w'en dey hear heem, de noder cow
Den he say, " Dat bull must be surely wil' "
Mon frere Camille.

But de bull don't care w'at he say at all,
For he 's watchin' dat red necktie
An' w'en ma broder he push de pole
I'm sure it's makin' some purty large hole,
If de bull be dere, but ma blood run col'
For de nex' t'ing I hear heem cry,
Camille, mon frere.

No wonder he cry, for dat sapree bull
He 's yell leetle bit some more,

Den he ketch ma broder dat small taureau
Only cos' four dollarre six mont' ago
An' he 's t'rowin' heem up from de groun' below
Wan tam, two tam, till he 's feelin' sore,
Camille, mon frere.

An' w'en ma broder 's come down agen
I s'pose he mus' change hees min'
An' mebbe t'ink if it 's all de sam'
He 'll keel dat bull w'en he get more tam
For dere he was runnin' wit' ole Ma-dame
De chil'ren, de bull, an' de cow behin'
Camille, mon frere.

So dat 's de reason he 's firse class blood
W'en he come off de State las' fall
Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go
But now he 's no blood at all,
Camille, mon frere.



The Habitant's Summer

O WHO can blame de winter, never min',
de hard he 's blowin'
'Cos w'en de tam is comin' for passin' on
hees roun'
De firse t'ing he was doin' is start de sky a
snowin'
An' mak' de nice w'ite blanket, for cover up
de groun'.

An' de groun' she go a'sleepin' t'roo all de
stormy season,
Restin' from her work las' summer, till she 's
waken by de rain
Dat le bon Dieu sen' some morning, an' of
course dat 's be de reason
Ev'ry year de groun' she 's lookin' jus' as
fresh an' young again.

Den you geev her leetle sunshine, w'en de snow
go off an' leave her
Let de sout' win' blow upon her, an' you see
beeg changes now
Wit' de steam arisin' from her jus' de sam' she
got de fever,
An' not many day is passin' w'en she 's
ready for de plow.

We don't bodder wit' no spring-tam w'ere de
rain she 's alway fallin,'
Two, t'ree mont', or mebbe longer, on de
place beyon' de sea,
W'ere some bird he 's nam' de cuckoo, spen'
de mos' hees tam a-callin'
But for fear he wet hees fedder, hide away
upon de tree.

On de swamp beside de reever, mebbe jus'
about de fly-tam
W'ere it 's very hard to see heem, we hear
de wo-wa-raw,
Dat 's w'at you call de bull-frog, singin'
" more rum," all de night-tam.
He 's only kin' of cuckoo we got on Cana-
daw.

No, we have n't got dat feller, but we got some
bird can beat heem,
An' we hear dem, an' we see dem, jus' so
soon de winter go,

So never min' de cuckoo for we 're not afraid
to meet heem,
W'enever he was ready, wit' our own petits
oiseaux.

An' dey almos' come togeder, lak de spring
an' summer wedder,
Blue-bird wan day, pie-blanche nex' day,
geevin' out deir leetle note,
Affer dat we see de robin, an' de gouglou on
de medder,
Den le roi, de red bird 's comin', dressim on
hees sojer coat.

W'en de grosbec on de pine tree, wak' you
early wit' hees singin',
W'en you lissen to de pa'tridge a-beatin' on
hees drum,
W'en de w'ole place roun' about you wit'
musique is a-ringin',
Den you know de winter 's over, an' de
summer day is come.

See de apple blossom showin', see de clover
how it 's growin'
Watch de trout, an' way dey 're playin' on
de reever down below,
Ah! de cunning leetle feller, easy see how well
dey 're knowin'
We 're too busy now for ketch dem an' dat 's
w'y dey 're jompin' so.

For de mos' fine summer season don't las' too long, an' we know it,
So we 're workin' ev'rybody, w'ile de sun is warm an' clear,
Dat 's de tam for plant de barley, an' de injun corn we sow it,
W'en de leaf upon de maple 's jus' de size of squirrel's ear.

'Noder job is feexin' fences, if we don't be lak de las' year,
W'en de Durham bull he 's pullin' nearly all de fence away,
An' dat sapree champion taureau let de cattle out de pasture
So dey 're playin' on de devil wit' de oat an' wit' de hay.

Yass, de farmer 's offen worry, an' it sometam mak' heem snappy,
For no sooner wan job 's finish, dan he got two t'ousan' more,
But he 's glad for see de summer, w'en all de worl' she 's happy,
An' ev'ryt'ing aroun' heem was leevin' out o' door.

Now de ole sheep 's takin' young wan up de hillside, an' dey feed dem
W'ere de nice short grass is growin' sweeter dan it grow below,

Ev'ry morning off dey 're goin' an' it 's pleasan' t'ing to see dem
Lookin' jus' lak leetle snow-ball all along de green coteau.

Dere 's de hen too, wit' her chicken, O how moche dey mak' her bodder
Watchin' dem mos' ev'ry minute, fearin' dey was go astray
But w'en mountain hawk he 's comin' den how quick dey fin' de moder
An' get onderneat' her fedder till de danger 's pass away.

An' jus' see de turkey gobbler, an' lissen to heem talkin'
No wonder he 's half crazee, an' spikin' out so loud,
W'en you meet heem on de roadside wit' hees wife an' chil'ren walkin',
It 's kipin' heem so busy lookin' affer such a crowd.

Dat 's about de way we 're leevin', dat 's a few t'ing we 're seein',
W'en de nice warm summer sun is shinin' down on Canadaw,
An' no matter w'at I 'm hearin', still I never feel lak bein'
No oder stranger feller, me, but only habitant.

For dere 's no place lak our own place, don't
care de far you 're goin'
Dat 's w'at de whole worl's sayin', w'enever
dey come here,
'Cos we got de fines' contree, an' de beeges'
reever flowin'
An' le bon Dieu sen' de sunshine nearly
twelve mont' ev'ry year.





Little Lac Grenier.

(GREN-YAY)

LEETLE Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
Right on de mountain top,
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he 'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
Up on de mountain high
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y ?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

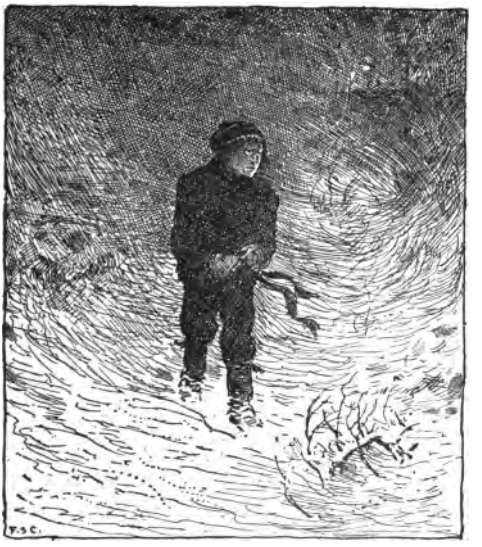
Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose deer
An' caribou too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,
Onder de roof of spring
Ma canoe 's afloat, an' de robin sing,
De lily 's beginnin' her summer dress,
An' trout 's wakin' up from hees long long res'

Leetle Lac Grenier, I 'm happy now,
Out on de ole canoe,
For I 'm all alone, ma chere, wit' you,
An' if only a nice light rod I had
I 'd try dat fish near de lily pad!

Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,
Don't spik no more,
For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,
An' you know youse'f I 'm too far away,
For visit you now—leetle Lac Grenier!



THE WINDIGO

GO easy wit' de paddle, an' steady wit' de oar
Geev rudder to de bes' man you got among de crew,
Let ev'ry wan be quiet, don't let dem sing no more
W'en you see de islan' risin' out of Grande Lac Manitou.

Above us on de sky dere, de summer cloud may float
Aroun' us on de water de ripple never show,
But somet'ing down below us can rock de stronges' boat,
W'en we 're comin' near de islan' of de spirit Windigo!

De carcajou may breed dere, an' otter sweem de pool
De moosh-rat mak' de mud house, an' beaver buil' hees dam
An' beeges' Injun hunter on all de Tête de Boule
Will never set hees trap dere from spring to summer tam.

But he 'll bring de fines' presen' from upper St. Maurice
De loup marin an' black-fox from off de Hodson Bay
An' hide dem on de islan' an' smoke de pipe of peace
So Windigo will help heem w'en he travel far away.

We shaintee on dat islan' on de winter seexty-nine
If you look you see de clearin' aroun' de Coo Coo Cache,

An' pleasan' place enough too among de spruce
an' pine
If foreman on de shaintee is n't Cyprien
Palache.

Beeg feller, alway watchin' on hees leetle
weasel eye,
De gang dey can't do not'ing but he see dem
purty quick
Wit' hees " Hi dere, w'at you doin'?" ev'ry
tam he 's passin' by
An' de bad word he was usin', wall! it offen
mak' me sick.

An' he carry silver w'issle wit' de chain aroun'
hees neck
For fear he mebbe los' it, an' ev'ry body say
He mus' buy it from de devil w'en he 's
passin' on Kebeck
But if it 's true dat story, I dunno how
moche he pay.

Dere 's plaintee on de shaintee can sing lak
rossignol
Pat Clancy play de fiddle, an' Jimmie Char-
bonneau
Was bring hees concertina from below St.
Fereol
So we get some leetle pleasure till de long,
long winter go.

But if we start up singin' affer supper on de camp
" Par derriere chez ma tante," or " Mattawa wishtay,"
De boss he 'll come along den, an' put heem out de lamp,
An' only stop hees swearin' w'en we all go marche coucher.

We 've leetle boy dat winter from Po-po-lo-be-lang
Hees fader an' hees moder dey 're bote A-ben-a-kee
An' he 's comin', Injun Johnnie, wit' some man de lumber gang
Was fin' heem nearly starvin' above on Lac Souris.

De ole man an' de woman is tryin' pass de Soo
W'en water 's high on spring tam, an' of course dey 're gettin' drown',
For even smartes' Injun should n't fool wit' birch canoe,
W'ere de reever lak toboggan on de hill is runnin' down.

So dey lef' de leetle feller all alone away up dere
Till lumber gang is ketchin' him an' bring him on de Cache,

But better if he 's stayin' wit' de wolf an' wit' de bear
Dan come an' tak' hees chances wit' Cyprien Palache.

I wonder how he stan' it, w'y he never run away
For Cyprien lak neeger he is treat heem all de sam'
An' if he 's wantin' Johnnie on de night or on de day
God help heem if dat w'issle she was below de secon' tam!

De boy he don't say not'ing, no wan never see heem cry
He 's got de Injun in heem, you can see it on de face,
An' only for us feller an' de cook, he 'll surely die
Long before de winter 's over, long before we lef' de place,

But I see heem hidin' somet'ing wan morning by de shore
So firse tam I was passin' I scrape away de snow
An' it 's rabbit skin he 's ketchin' on de swamp de day before,
Leetle Injun Johnnie 's workin' on de spirit Windigo.

December 's come in stormy, an' de snow-dreef
fill de road
Can only see de chimley an' roof of our
cabane,
An' stronges' team on stable fin' it plaintee
heavy load
Haulin' sleigh an' two t'ree pine log t'roo
de wood an' beeg savane.

An' I travel off wan day me, wit' Cyprien
Palache,
Explorin' for new timber, w'en de win' be-
gin to blow,
So we hurry on de snow-shoe for de camp on
Coo Coo Cache
If de nor' eas' storm is comin', was de bes'
place we dunno—

An' we 're gettin' safe enough dere wit' de
storm close on our heel,
But w'en our belt we loosen for takin' off de
coat
De foreman commence screamin' an' mon Dieu
it mak' us feel
Lak he got t'ree t'ousan' devil all fightin' on
hees t'roat.

Cyprien is los' hees w'issle, Cyprien is los' hees
chain
Injun Johnnie he mus' fin' it, even if de win'
is high

He can never show hese'f on de Coo Coo
Cache again
Till he bring dat silver w'issle an' de chain
it 's hangin' by.

So he sen' heem on hees journey never knowin'
he come back
T'roo de rough an' stormy wedder, t'roo de
pile of dreefin' snow
" Wat 's de use of bein' Injun if you can't
smell out de track ? "
Dat 's de way de boss is talkin', an' poor
Johnnie have to go.

If you want to hear de musique of de nort' win'
as it blow
An' lissen to de hurricane an' learn de way
it sing
An' feel how small de man is w'en he 's
leevin' here below,
You should try it on de shaintee w'en she 's
doin' all dem t'ing!

W'at 's dat soun' lak somet'ing cryin' all
aroun' us ev'ryw'ere ?
We never hear no tonder upon de winter
storm!
Dey 're shoutin' to each oder dem voices on
de air,
An' it 's red hot too de stove pipe, but no
wan 's feelin' warm!

" Get out an' go de woodpile before I freeze to deat' "
Cyprien de boss is yellin' an' he 's lookin' cole an' w'ite
Lak dead man on de coffin, but no wan go, you bet,
For if it 's near de woodpile, 't is n't close enough to-night!

Non! we ain't afraid of not'ing, but we don't lak takin' chance,
An' w'en we hear de spirit of de wil' A-ben-a-kee
Singin' war song on de chimley, makin' all dem Injun dance
Raisin' row dere, you don't ketch us on no woodpile—no siree!

O! de lonesome night we 're passin' w'ile we 're stayin' on dat place!
An' ev'rybody sheever w'en Jimmie Charbonneau
Say he 's watchin' on de winder an' he see de Injun face
An' it 's lookin' so he tole us, jus' de sam' as Windigo.

Den again mese'f I 'm hearin' somet'ing callin', an' it soun'
Lak de voice of leetle Johnnie so I 'm passin' on de door

But de pine stump on de clearin' wit' de w'ite
sheet all aroun'
Mak' me t'ink of churchyar' tombstone, an'
I can't go dere no more.

Wat 's de reason we 're so quiet w'ile our
heart she 's goin' fas'
W'y is no wan ax de question? dat we 're
all afraid to spik ?
Was it wing of flyin' wil' bird strek de winder
as it pass,
Or de sweesh of leetle snow-ball w'en de win'
is playin' trick ?

W'en we buil' de Coo Coo shaintee, she 's as
steady as a rock,
Did you feel de shaintee shakin' de sam,
she's goin' to fall ?
Dere 's somet'ing on de doorway! an' now we
hear de knock
An' up above de hurricane we hear de w'issle
call.

Callin', callin' lak a bugle, an' he 's jompin' up
de boss
From hees warm bed on de corner an' open
wide de door—
Dere 's no use foller affer for Cyprien is los'
An' de Coo Coo Cache an' shaintee he 'll
never see no more.

At las' de morning 's comin', an' storm is blow away
An' outside on de shaintee young Jimmie Charbonneau
He 's seein' track of snowshoe, 'bout de size of double sleigh
Dere 's no mistak' it 's makin' by de spirit Windigo.

An' de leetle Injun Johnnie, he 's all right I onderstan'
For you 'll fin' heem up de reever above de Coo Coo Cache
Ketchin' mink and ketchin' beaver, an' he 's growin' great beeg man
But dat 's de las' we 're hearin' of Cyprien Falache.



National Policy

OUR fader lef' ole France behin', dat 's many year ago,
An' how we get along since den, wall! ev'ry body know,
Few t'ousan' firse class familee was only come dat tam,
An' now we got pure Canayens; t'ree million peop' bedamme!

Dat 's purty smart beez-nesse, I t'ink we done on Canadaw,
An' we don't mak' no grande hooraw, but do it tranquillement
So if we 're braggin' now an' den, we mus' be excuzay,
For no wan 's never see before de record bus' dat way.

An' w'y should we be feel ashame, 'cos we
have boy an' girl ?
No matter who was come along, we 'll match
agen de worl' ;
Wit' plaintee boy lak w'at we got no danger
be afraid,
An' all de girl she look too nice for never come
ole maid.

If we have only small cor-nerre de sam' we
have before
W'en ole Champlain an' Jacques Cartier firse
jomp upon de shore
Dere 's no use hurry den at all, but now you
understan'
We got to whoop it up, ba gosh! for occupy
de lan'!

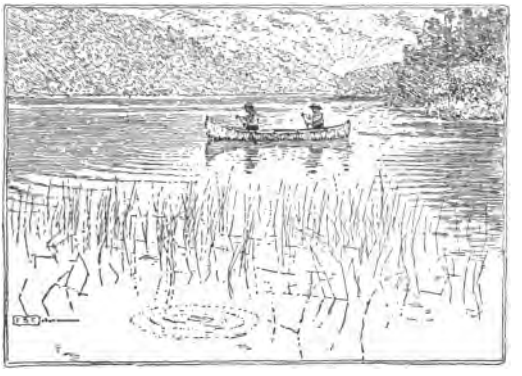
W'at 's use de million acre, w'at 's use de belle
riviere,
An' t'ing lak dat if we don't have somebody
leevin' dere ?
W'at 's mak' de worl' look out for us, an' kip
de nation free
Unless we 're raisin' all de tam some fine large
familee ?

Don't seem so long we buil' dat road, Chemin de Pacifique,
Tak' honder dollar pass on dere, an' nearly two t'ree week,
Den look dat place it freeze so hard, on w'at you call Klon-dak,
Wall! if we have to fill dem up, we got some large contrac'!

Of course we 're not doin' bad jus' now; so ev'rybody say,
But we dunno de half we got on Canadaw to-day,
An' still she 's comin' beeger, an' never mak' no fuss,
So if we don't look out, firse t'ing, she 'll get ahead of us.

De more I t'ink, de more I 'm scare, de way she grow so fas',
An' worse of all it 's hard to say how long de boom 'll las'
But if she don't go slower an' ease up leetle bit,
Bimeby de Canayens will be some dead bird on de pit.

Den ev'ry body hip hooraw! an' sen' de
familee
Along de reever, t'roo de wood, an' on de
grande prairie,
Dat 's only way I 'm t'inkin' arrange de w'ole
affaire
An' mebbe affer w'ile dere won't be too moche
lan' for spare.



AUTUMN DAYS.

IN dreams of the night I hear the call
 Of wild duck scudding across the lake,
In dreams I see the old convent wall,
 Where Ottawa's waters surge and break.

But Hercule awakes me ere the sun
 Has painted the eastern skies with gold.
Hercule! true knight of the rod and gun
 As ever lived in the days of old.

" Arise! tho' the moon hangs high above,
 The sun will soon usher in the day,
And the southerly wind that sportsmen love
 Is blowing across St. Louis Bay."

The wind is moaning among the trees,
 Along the shore where the shadows lie,
And faintly borne on the fresh'ning breeze
 From yonder point comes the loon's wild cry

Like diamonds flashing athwart the tide
 The dancing moonbeams quiver and glow,
As out on the deep we swiftly glide
 To our distant Mecca, Ile Perrot.

Ile Perrot far to the southward lies,
 Pointe Claire on the lee we leave behind,
And eager we gaze with longing eyes,
 For faintest sign of the deadly " blind."

Past the point where Ottawa's current flows—
 A league from St. Lawrence golden sands—
Out in the bay where the wild grass grows
 We mark the spot where our ambush stands.

We enter it just as the crimson flush
 Of morn illumines the hills with light,
And patiently wait the first mad rush
 Of pinions soaring in airy flight.

A rustle of wings from over there,
 Where all night long on watery bed
The flocks have slept—and the morning air
 Rings with the messenger of lead.

Many a pilgrim from far away
 Many a stranger from distant seas,
Is dying to-day on St. Louis Bay,
 To requiem sung by the southern breeze.

And thus till the sound of the vesper bell
 Comes stealing o'er Ottawa's dusky stream,
And the ancient light-house we know so well
 Lights up the tide with its friendly gleam.

Then up with the anchor and ply the oar,
 For homeward again our course must bear,
Farewell to the " blind " by Ile Perrot's shore,
 And welcome the harbor of old Pointe Claire!



Madeleine Vercheres

I'VE told you many a tale, my child, of the old heroic days
Of Indian wars and massacre, of villages ablaze
With savage torch, from Ville Marie to the Mission of Trois Rivieres
But never have I told you yet, of Madeleine Vercheres.

Summer had come with its blossoms, and gaily the robin sang
And deep in the forest arches the axe of the woodman rang
Again in the waving meadows, the sun-browned farmers met
And out on the green St. Lawrence, the fisherman spread his net.

And so through the pleasant season, till the days of October came
When children wrought with their parents, and even the old and lame

With tottering frames and footsteps, their feeble labors lent
At the gathering of the harvest le bon Dieu himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the forts on the Richelieu
To the gates of the ancient city, where the flag of King Louis flew
All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie of Vercheres,
Like the calm that so often cometh, ere the hurricane rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the Seigneur sailing away,
To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down at Quebec they lay,
But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden Madeleine,
And a necklet of jewels promised her, when home he should come again.

And ever the days passed swiftly, and careless the workmen grew
For the months they seemed a hundred, since the last war-bugle blew.

Ah! little they dreamt on their pillows, the farmers of Vercheres,
That the wolves of the southern forest had scented the harvest fair.

Like ravens they quickly gather, like tigers they watch their prey
Poor people! with hearts so happy, they sang as they toiled away.
Till the murderous eyeballs glistened, and the tomahawk leaped out
And the banks of the green St. Lawrence echoed the savage shout.

" Oh mother of Christ have pity," shrieked the women in despair
" This is no time for praying," cried the young Madeleine Vercheres,
" Aux armes! aux armes! les Iroquois! quick to your arms and guns
Fight for your God and country and the lives of the innocent ones."

And she sped like a deer of the mountain, when beagles press close behind
And the feet that would follow after, must be swift as the prairie wind.

Alas! for the men and women, and little ones
that day
For the road it was long and weary, and the
fort it was far away.

But the fawn had outstripped the hunters, and
the palisades drew near,
And soon from the inner gateway the war-
bugle rang out clear ;
Gallant and clear it sounded, with never a note
of despair,
'T was a soldier of France's challenge, from
the young Madeleine Vercheres.

" And this is my little garrison, my brothers
Louis and Paul ?
With soldiers two — and a cripple ? may the
Virgin pray for us all.
But we 've powder and guns in plenty, and
we 'll fight to the latest breath
And if need be for God and country, die a
brave soldier's death.

" Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever
you sight the foe
Fire from the upper turret, and the loopholes
down below.

Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the fight may be fierce and long
And they 'll think our little garrison is more than a hundred strong."

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused the Norman blood
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent it like a flood
Through every heart around her, and they fought the red Iroquois
As fought in the old time battles, the soldiers of Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered, and a tempest swept the sky
And the roar of the thunder mingled with the forest tiger's cry
But still the garrison fought on, while the lightning's jagged spear
Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and showed them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the color of blood was he
Gazing down from the heavens on the little company.

" Behold! my friends!" cried the maiden, " 't is
a warning lest we forget
Though the night saw us do our duty, our
work is not finished yet."

And six days followed each other, and feeble
her limbs became
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the
flash of the carabines' flame
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye, even
when hope seemed gone
And she only smiled on her comrades, and told
them to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on the bugle, and lo!
from the forest black
Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came peal-
ing back
Oh! pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on
the morning air,
For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De
la Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier
of Carignan,
And looked on the little garrison that fought
the red Iroquois

And held their own in the battle, for six long
weary days,
He stood for a moment speechless, and mar-
velled at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him and
steadily they advance
And with carabines uplifted, the veterans of
France
Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly
standing there
And they fired a volley in honor of Madeleine
Vercheres.

And this, my dear, is the story of the maiden
Madeleine
God grant that we in Canada may never see
again
Such cruel wars and massacres, in waking or in
dream
As our fathers and mothers saw, my child, in
the days of the old regime.



The Rose Delima

YOU can sew heem up in a canvas sack,
An' t'row heem over boar'
You can wait till de ship she 's comin' back
Den bury heem on de shore
For dead man w'en he 's dead for sure,
Ain't good for not'ing at all
An' he 'll stay on de place you put heem
Till he hear dat bugle call
Dey say will soun' on de las', las' day
W'en ev'ry t'ing 's goin' for pass away,
But down on de Gulf of St. Laurent
W'ere de sea an' de reever meet
An' off on St. Pierre de Miquelon,
De chil'ren on de street
Can tole you story of Pierre Guillaume,
De sailor of St. Yvonne
Dat 's bringin' de Rose Delima home
Affer he 's dead an' gone.

He was stretch heem on de bed an' he could
n't raise hees head

So dey place heem near de winder w'ere he
can look below,
An' watch de schooner lie wit' her topmas' on
de sky,
An' oh! how mad it mak' heem, ole Cap-
tinne Baribeau.

For she 's de fines' boat dat never was afloat
From de harbour of St. Simon to de shore of
New-fun-lan'
She can almos' dance a reel, an' de sea shell on
her keel
Wall! you count dem very easy on de finger
of your han'.

But de season 's flyin' fas', an' de fall is nearly
pas'
An' de leetle Rose Delima she 's doin' not-
'ing dere
Only pullin' on her chain, an' wishin' once
again
She was w'ere de black fish tumble, an jomp
upon de air.

But who can tak' her out, for she 's got de
tender mout'
Lak a trotter on de race-course dat 's mebbe
run away

If he 's not jus' handle so—an' ole Captinne Baribeau
Was de only man can sail her, dat 's w'at dey offen say.

An' now he 's lyin' dere, w'ere de breeze is blow hees hair
An' he 's hearin' ev'ry morning de Rose Delima call,
Sayin', " Come along wit' me, an' we 'll off across de sea,
For I 'm lonesome waitin' for you, Captinne Paul.

" On Anticosti shore we hear de breaker roar
An' reef of Dead Man's Islan' too we know,
But we never miss de way, no matter night or day,
De Rose Delima schooner an' Captinne Baribeau."

De Captinne cry out den, so de house is shake again,
" Come here! come here, an' quickly, ma daughter Virginie,
An' let me hol' your han', for so long as I can stan'
I 'll tak' de Rose Delima, an' sail her off to sea."

" No, no, ma fader dear, you 're better stayin' here
Till de cherry show her blossom on de spring,
For de loon he 's flyin' sout' an' de fall is nearly out,
W'en de wil' bird of de nort' is on de wing.

" But fader dear, I know de man can go below
Wit' leetle Rose Delima on St. Pierre de Miquelon
Hees nam' is Pierre Guillaume, an' he 'll bring de schooner home
Till she 's t'rowin' out her anchor on de port of St. Simon."

" Ha! Ha! ma Virginie, it is n't hard to see
You lak dat smart young sailor man youse'f,
I s'pose he love you too, but I tole you w'at I do
W'en I have some leetle talk wit' heem mese'f.

" So call heem up de stair": an' w'en he 's stannin' dere,
De Captinne say, " Young feller, you see how sick I be ?
De poor ole Baribeau has n't very much below
Beside de Rose Delima, an' hees daughter Virginie.

" An' I know your fader well, he 's fine man too, Noël,
An' hees-nam' was comin' offen on ma prayer—
An' if your sailor blood she 's only half as good
You can sail de Rose Delima from here to any w'ere.

" You love ma Virginie ? wall! if you promise me
You bring de leetle schooner safely home
From St. Pierre de Miquelon to de port of St. Simon
You can marry on ma daughter, Pierre Guillaume."

An' Pierre he answer den, "Ma fader was your frien'
An' it 's true your daughter Virginie I love,
Dat schooner she 'll come home, or ma nam' 's not Pierre Guillaume
I swear by all de angel up above."

So de wil' bird goin' sout', see her shake de canvas out,
An' soon de Rose Delima she 's flyin' down de bay
An' poor young Virginie so long as she can see
Kip watchin' on dat schooner till at las' she's gone away.

Ho! ho! for Gaspé cliff w'en de win' is blowin' stiff,
Ho! ho! for Anticosti w'ere bone of dead man lie!
De sailor cimetiere! God help de beeg ship dere
If dey come too near de islan' w'en de wave she 's runnin' high.

It 's locky t'ing he know de way he ought to go
It 's locky too de star above, he know dem ev'ry wan
For God he mak' de star, was shinin' up so far,
So he trus' no oder compass, young Pierre of St. Yvonne.

An' de schooner sail away pas' Wolf Islan' an' Cape Ray—
W'ere de beeg wave fight each oder roun' de head of ole Pointe Blanc
Only gettin' pleasan' win', till she tak' de canvas in
An' drop de anchor over on St. Pierre de Miquelon.

We 're glad to see some more, de girl upon de shore,
An' Jean Barbette was kipin' Hotel de Sans-souci

He 's also glad we come, 'cos we mak' de rafter hum;
An' w'en we 're stayin' dere, ma foi! we spen' de monee free.

But Captinne Pierre Guillaume, might jus' as well be home,
For he don't forget his sweetheart an' ole man Baribeau,
An' so he stay on boar', an' fifty girl or more
Less dey haul heem on de bowline, dey could n't mak' heem go.

Wall! we 're workin' hard an' fas', an' de cargo 's on at las'
Two honder cask of w'isky, de fines' on de worl'!
So good-bye to Miquelon, an' hooraw for St. Simon—
An' au revoir to Jean Barbette, an' don't forget de girl.

You can hear de schooner sing, w'en she open out her wing
So glad to feel de slappin' of de sea wave on her breas'
She did n't los' no tam, but travel jus' de sam',
As de small bird w'en he 's flyin' on de evening to hees nes'.

But her sail 's not blowin' out wit' de warm
breeze of de sout'
An' it 's not too easy tellin' w'ere de snow-
flake meet de foam
Stretchin' out on ev'ry side, all across de Gulf
so wide
W'en de nor'-eas' win' is chasin' de Rose
Delima home.

An' we 're flyin' once again pas' de Isle of
Madeleine
An' away for Anticosti we let de schooner
go
Lak a race-horse on de track, we could never
hol' her back—
She mebbe hear heem callin' her, ole Cap-
tinne Baribeau!

But we 're ketchin' it wan night w'en de star
go out of sight
For de storm dat 's waitin' for us, come be-
fore we know it 's dere—
An' it blow us near de coas' w'ere dey leev'
de sailor's ghos'
On de shore of Dead Man's Islan' till dey
almos' fill de air.

So de Captinne tak' de wheel, an' it mak' de
schooner feel

Jus' de sam' as ole man Baribeau is workin' dere hese'f
Well she know it 's life or deat', so she 's fightin' hard for breat'
For wit' all dem wave a chokin' her, it 's leetle she got lef'.

Den de beeges' sea of all, stannin' up dere lak a wall
Come along an' sweep de leetle Rose Delima fore an' af'
An' above de storm a cry, " Help, mon Dieu! before I die."
An' dere 's no wan on de wheel house, an' we hear dem spirit laugh.

Dey 're lookin' for dead man, an' dey 're shoutin' all dey can
Don't matter all de pile dey got dey want anoder wan—
An' now dey 're laughin' loud, for out of all de crowd
Dey got no finer sailor boy dan Pierre of St. Yvonne!

But look dere on de wheel! w'at 's dat was seem to steal
From now'ere, out of not'ing, till it reach de pilot's place

An' steer de rudder too, lak de Captinne used to do
So lak' de Captinne's body, so lak de Captinne's face.

But well enough we know de poor boy 's gone below,
W'ere hees bone will join de oder on de place w'ere dead man be—
An' we only see phantome of young Captinne Pierre Guillaume
Dat sail de Rose Delima all night along de sea.

So we help heem all we can, kip de schooner off de lan'
W'ere bad spirit work de current dat was pullin' us inside—
But we fool dem all at las', an' we know de danger 's pas'
W'en de sun come out an' fin' us floatin' on de morning tide.

So de Captinne's work is done, an' nex' day de schooner run
Wit' de sail all hangin' roun' her, to de port of St. Simon.

Dat 's de way young Pierre Guillaume bring
de Rose Delima home
T'roo de wil' an' stormy wedder from St.
Pierre de Miquelon.

An' de leetle Virginie never look upon de sea
Since de tam de Rose Delima 's comin'
home,
For she 's lef' de worl' an' all! but behin' de
convent wall
She don't forget her fader an' poor young
Pierre Guillaume.



LITTLE MOUSE

GET along leetle mouse, kick de snow up behin' you
For it's fine winter road we 're travel to-night
Wit' de moon an' de star shinin' up on de sky dere
W'y it 's almos' de sam' as de broad day light.

De bell roun' your body it 's quick tune dey 're playin'
But your foot 's kipin' tam jus' as steady can be,
Ah! you dance youse'f crazy if only I let you,
Ma own leetle pony—petite souris.

You 'member w'en firse we be tryin' for broke you
An' Joe Sauvageau bet hees two dollar bill
He can drive you alone by de bridge on de reever
An' down near de place w'ere dey got de beeg mill.

An' it 's new cariole too, is come from St. Felix
Jo-seph 's only buyin' it week before,
An' w'en he is passin' de road wit' hees trotter
Ev'ry body was stan' on de outside door.

An' dere he sit, sam' he don't care about not'ing
Hees foot on de dashboar', hees han' on de line
Ev'ry dog on de place is come out for barkin'
An' all de young boy he was ronnin' behin'.

Wall! sir, Joe 's put on style leetle soon for hees pleasure
For w'en de mill w'issle, you jomp lak de cat
An' nex' t'ing poor Joe is commencin' get busy,
Non! I never see fine run-away lak dat.

'Way go de pony den—'way go de cariole,
Poor Joe say,"good-bye" on de foot of de hill
An' all he can see of de sleigh de nex' morning
Is jus' about pay for hees two dollar bill.

Ah! your right nam' jus' den should be leetle devil
An' not leetle mouse, de sam' you have now.
Wall! dat 's long ago, an' you 're gettin' more quiet
Since tam you was never done kickin' de row.

But I 'm not very sorry de firse day I see you
Settle down on de trot lak your fader he get
W'en he beat Sorel Boy on de ice at T'ree Reever
Bes' two on t'ree heat, an' win all de bet.

Your moder she 's come off de Lachapelle stock too
Ole Canayen blood from Berthier en haut
De bes' kin' of horse never look on de halter
So it is n't moche wonder you know how to go.

Dat 's church bell we 're hearin' off dere on de hillside

Get along leetle mouse, for we must n't be late,
Fin' your way t'roo de res' of dem crowdin' de roadside
You 'll never get better chance showin' your gait.

.

Wall! church is all over, an' Josephine 's comin'
For drive wit' us home on her gran'moder's house
So tak' your own tam an' don't be on de hurry
Your slowes' gait 's quick enough now, leetle mouse.

Strathcona's Horse

(Dedicated to Lord Strathcona.)

O I was thine, and thou wert mine, and ours the boundless plain,
Where the winds of the North, my gallant steed, ruffled thy tawny mane,
But the summons hath come with roll of drum, and bugles ringing shrill,
Startling the prairie antelope, the grizzly of the hill.
'T is the voice of Empire calling, and the children gather fast
From every land where the cross bar floats out from the quivering mast;
So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle swinging free,
And thy hoofbeats shall answer the trumpets blowing across the sea.
Then proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of the foe to-morrow,
For he who dares to stay our course drinks deep of the Cup of Sorrow.

Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast,
where the sullen grey wolf hides,
The great red river of the North hath cooled
thy burning sides;
Together we 've slept while the tempest swept
the Rockies' glittering chain;
And many a day the bronze centaur hath gal-
loped behind in vain.
But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and
the shimmering summer streams
Must vanish forevermore, perchance, into the
land of dreams;
For the strong young North hath sent us forth
to battlefields far away,
And the trail that ends where Empire trends,
is the trail we ride to-day.
But proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of
the foe to-morrow,
For he who bars Strathcona's Horse, drinks
deep of the Cup of Sorrow.

Johnnie's First Moose

DE cloud is hide de moon, but dere 's plain-
tee light above,
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low,
Move de paddle leetle quicker, an' de ole canoe
we 'll shove
T'roo de water nice an' quiet
For de place we 're goin' try it
Is beyon' de silver birch dere
You can see it lak a church dere
W'en we 're passin' on de corner w'ere de lily
flower grow.

Was n't dat correc' w'at I 'm tolin' you jus'
now ?
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low,
Never min', I 'll watch behin' — me — an' you
can watch de bow
An' you 'll see a leetle clearer
W'en canoe is comin' nearer—

Dere she is—now easy, easy,
For de win' is gettin' breezy,
An' we don't want not'ing smell us, till de horn begin to blow—

I remember long ago w'en ma fader tak' me out,
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,
Jus' de way I 'm takin' you, sir, hello! was dat a shout ?
Seems to me I t'ink I 'm hearin'
Somet'ing stirrin' on de clearin'
W'ere it stan' de lumber shaintee,
If it 's true, den you 'll have plaintee
Work to do in half a minute, if de moose don't start to go.

An' now we 're on de shore, let us hide de ole canoe,
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,
An' lie among de rushes, dat 's bes' t'ing we can do,
For de ole boy may be closer
Dan anybody know, sir,
An' look out you don't be shakin'
Or de bad shot you 'll be makin'
But I 'm feelin' sam' way too, me, w'en I was young, also—

You ready for de call ? here goes for number
wan,
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low,
Did you hear how nice I do it, an' how it
travel on
Till it reach across de reever
Dat 'll geev' some moose de fever!
Wait now, Johnnie, don't you worry,
No use bein' on de hurry,
But lissen for de answer, it 'll come before you
know.

For w'y you jomp lak dat ? w'at 's matter wit'
your ear ?
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low—
Tak' your finger off de trigger, dat was only
bird you hear,
Can't you tell de pine tree crickin'
Or de boule frog w'en he 's spikin' ?
Don't you know de grey owl singin'
From de beeg moose w'en he 's ringin'
Out hees challenge on de message your ole
gran'fader blow ?

You 're lucky boy to-night, wit' hunter man
lak me!
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low—

Can tole you all about it! H-s-s-h! dat 's somet'ing now I see,
Dere he 's comin' t'roo de bushes,
So get down among de rushes,
Hear heem walk! I t'ink, by tonder,
He mus' go near fourteen honder!
Dat 's de feller I been watchin' all de evening, I dunno.

I 'll geev' anoder call, jus' a leetle wan or two,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low—
W'en he see dere 's no wan waitin' I wonder w'at he 'll do ?
But look out for here he 's comin'
Sa-pris-ti! ma heart is drummin'!
You can never get heem nearer
An' de moon is shinin' clearer,
W'at a fine shot you 'll be havin'! now Johnnie let her go!

Bang! bang! you got heem sure! an' he 'll never run away
Nor feed among de lily on de shore of Wessonneau,
So dat 's your firse moose Johnnie! wall! remember all I say—

Does n't matter w'at you 're chasin',
Does n't matter w'at you 're facin',
Only watch de t'ing you 're doin'
If you don't, ba gosh! you 're ruin!
An' steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low.

The Old Pine Tree

(Dedicated to the St. George Snowshoe Club.)

"LISTEN my child," said the old pine tree, to the little one nestling near,
" For the storm clouds troop together to-night, and the wind of the north I hear
And perchance there may come some echo of the music of long ago,
The music that rang when the White Host sang, marching across the snow."

" Up and away Saint George! up thro' the mountain gorge,
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and the great white flakes are flying
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry men,
Follow the trail, tho' the shy moon hides, and deeply the drifts are lying."

" Ah! mother," the little pine tree replied, " you are dreaming again to-night

Of ghostly visions and phantom forms that forever mock your sight
'T is true the moan of the winter wind comes to my list'ning ear
But the White Host marching, I cannot see, and their music I cannot hear."

" When the northern skies were all aflame where the trembling banners swung,
When up in the vaulted heavens the moon of the Snow Shoe hung,
When the hurricane swept the hillside, and the crested drifts ran high
Those were the nights," said the old pine tree, " the great White Host marched by."

And the storm grew fiercer, fiercer, and the snow went hissing past,
But the little pine tree still listened, till she heard above the blast
The music her mother loved to hear in the nights of the long ago
And saw in the forest the white-clad Host marching across the snow.

And loud they sang as they tramped along of the glorious bygone days
When valley and hill re-echoed the snow-shoer's hymn of praise

Till the shy moon gazed down smiling, and the
north wind paused to hear
And the old pine tree felt young again as the
little one nestling near.

"Up and away Saint George! up thro' the
mountain gorge.
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and
the great white flakes are flying.
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry
men.
Follow the trail, tho' the shy moon hides, and
deeply the drifts are lying."



Little Bateese

YOU bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you 're kipin' your poor gran'-pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay ?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you 're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you 're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night ?
Never min' I s'pose it 'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he 'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he 's twenty year
I bet he 'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere 's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
For he 's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you 're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you 're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!



Donal' Campbell

DONAL' CAMPBELL
—Donal' Bane—
sailed away across the ocean
With the tartans of Clan Gordon, to the Indies' distant shore,
But on Dargai's lonely hill-side, Donal' Campbell met the foeman,
And the glen of Athol Moray will never see him more!

O! the wailing of the women, O! the storm of bitter sorrow
Sweeping like the wintry torrent thro' Athol Moray's glen
When the black word reached the clansmen, that young Donal' Bane had fallen
In the red glare of the battle, with the gallant Gordon men!

Far from home and native sheiling, with the sun of India o'er him
Blazing down its cruel hatred on the white-faced men below
Stood young Donal' with his comrades, like the hound of ghostly Fingal
Eager, waiting for the summons to leap up against the foe—

Hark! at last! the pipes are pealing out the welcome Caber Feidh
And wild the red blood rushes thro' every Highland vein
They breathe the breath of battle, the children of the Gael,
And fiercely up the hillside, they charge and charge again—

And the grey eye of the Highlands, now is dark as blackest midnight,
The history of their fathers is written on each face,
Of border creach and foray, of never yielding conflict
Of all the memories shrouding a stern unconquered race!

And up the hillside, up the mountain, while the war-pipes shrilly clamour

Bayonet thrusting, broadsword cleaving, the
Northern soldiers fought
Till the sun of India saw them victors o'er the
dusky foemen,
For who can stay the Celtic hand when Celtic
blood is hot ?

But the corse of many a clansman from the far-
off Scottish Highlands
'Mid the rocks of savage Dargai is lying cold
and still
With the death-dew on its forehead, and young
Donal' Campbell's tartan
Bears a deeper stain of purple than the heather
of the hill!

Mourn him! Mourn him thro' the mountains,
wail him women of Clan Campbell!
Let the Coronach be sounded till it reach the
Indian shore
For your beautiful has fallen in the foremost
of the battle
And the glen of Athol Moray will never see
him more!

The Dublin Fusilier

HERE 'S to you, Uncle Kruger! slainté! an' slainté galore.
You 're a dacint ould man, begorra; never mind if you are a Boer.
So with heart an' a half ma bouchal, we 'll drink to your health to-night
For yourself an' your farmer sojers gave us a damn good fight.

I was dramin' of Kitty Farrell, away in the Gap o' Dunloe,
When the song of the bugle woke me, ringin' across Glencoe;
An' once in a while a bullet came pattherin' from above,
That tould us the big brown fellows were sendin' us down their love.

'T was a kind of an invitation, an' written in such a han'
That a Chinaman could n't refuse it—not to spake of an Irishman.

So the pickets sent back an answer. " We 're
comin' with right good will,"
Along what they call the kopje, tho' to me it
looked more like a hill.

" Fall in on the left," sez the captain, " my
men of the Fusiliers;
You 'll see a great fight this morning—like
you have n't beheld for years."
" Faith, captain dear," sez the sergeant, " you
can bet your Majuba sword
If the Dutch is as willin' as we are, you never
spoke truer word."

So we scrambled among the bushes, the bowl-
ders an' rocks an' all,
Like the gauger's men still-huntin' on the
mountains of Donegal;
We doubled an' turned an' twisted the same
as a hunted hare,
While the big guns peppered each other over
us in the air.

Like steam from the divil's kettle the kopje
was bilin' hot,
For the breeze of the Dutchman's bullets was
the only breeze we got;

An' many a fine boy stumbled, many a brave lad died,
When the Dutchman's message caught him there on the mountainside.

Little Nelly O'Brien, God help her! over there at ould Ballybay,
Will wait for a Transvaal letter till her face an' her hair is grey,
For I seen young Crohoore on a stretcher, an' I knew the poor boy was gone
When I spoke to the ambulance doctor, an' he nodded an' then passed on.

"Steady there!" cried the captain, "we must halt for a moment here."
An' he spoke like a man in trainin', full winded an' strong an' clear.
So we threw ourselves down on the kopje, weary an' tired as death,
Waitin' the captain's orders, waitin' to get a breath.

It 's strange all the humors an' fancies that comes to a man like me;
But the smoke of the battle risin' took me across the sea—

It 's the mist of Benbo I 'm seein'; an' the
rock that we 'll capture soon
Is the rock where I shot the eagle, when I was
a small gossoon.

I close my eyes for a minute, an' hear my poor
mother say,
" Patrick, avick, my darlin', you 're surely not
goin' away
To join the red-coated sojers ? " — but the
blood in me was strong—
If your sire was a Connaught Ranger, sure
where would his son belong ?

Hark! whisht! do you hear the music comin'
up from the camp below ?
An odd note or two when the Maxims take
breath for a second or so,
Liftin' itself on somehow, stealin' its way up
here,
Knowin' there 's waitin' to hear it, many an
Irish ear.

Augh! Garryowen! you 're the jewel! an' we
charged on the Dutchman's guns,
An' covered the bloody kopje, like a Galway
greyhound runs,

At the top of the hill they met us, with faces
all set and grim;
But they could n't take the bayonet—that 's
the trouble with most of thim.

So of course, they 'll be praisin' the Royals
an' men of the Fusiliers,
An' the newspapers help to dry up the widows
an' orphans' tears,
An' they 'll write a new name on the colors—
that is, if there 's room for more
An' we 'll follow them thro' the battle, the same
as we 've done before.

But here 's to you, Uncle Kruger! slainté! an'
slainté galore.
After all, your 're a dacint Christian, never
mind if you are a Boer.
So with heart an' a half, ma bouchal, we 'll
drink to your health to-night,
For yourself an' your brown-faced Dutchmen
gave us a damn good fight.



BORD á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I see w'en I dream of you ?
A shore w'ere de water is racin' by,
A small boy lookin', an' wonderin' w'y
He can't get fedder for goin' fly
Lak de hawk makin' ring on de summer sky.
Dat 's w'at I see.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I hear w'en I dream of you?
Too many t'ing for sleepin' well!
De song of de ole tam cariole bell,
De voice of dat girl from Sainte Angèle
(I geev' her a ring was mark " fidèle ")
Dat 's w'at I hear.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I smoke w'en I dream of you ?

Havana cigar from across de sea,
An' get dem for not'ing too ? No siree!
Dere 's only wan kin' of tabac for me.
An' it grow on de Rivière des Prairies—
Dat 's w'at I smoke.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
How do I feel w'en I t'ink of you ?
Sick, sick for de ole place way back dere—
An' to sleep on ma own leetle room upstair
W'ere de ghos' on de chimley mak' me scare
I 'd geev' more monee dan I can spare—
Dat 's how I feel.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at will I do w'en I 'm back wit' you ?
I 'll buy de farm of Bonhomme Martel,
Long tam he 's been waitin' a chance to sell,
Den pass de nex' morning on Sainte Angèle,
An' if she 's not marry—dat girl—very well,
Dat 's w'at I 'll do.



The Old Sexton

I KNOW very well t' was purty hard case
If dere 's not on de worl' some beeger place
Dan village of Cote St. Paul,
But we got mebbe sixty-five house or more
Wit' de blacksmit' shop an' two fine store
Not to speak of de church an' de city hall.

An' of course on village lak dat you fin'
Some very nice girl if you have a min'
To look aroun', an' we got dem too—
But de fines' of all never wear a ring,
Since firse I 'm t'inkin' of all dem t'ing,
Was daughter of ole Narcisse Beaulieu.

Narcisse he 's bedeau on de beeg church dere,
He also look affer de presbytere,
An' leev on de house close by,

On Sunday he 's watchin' de leetle boys,
Stoppin' dem kickin' up too much noise,
An' he bury de peop' w'en dey 're comin' die.

So dat 's w'at he do, Narcisse Beaulieu,
An' it 's not very easy I 'm tolin' you,
But a purty large heavy load,
For on summer de cow she was run aroun'
An' eat all de flower on de Curé's groun'
An' before he can ketch her, p-s-s-t! she 's
down de road.

Dat 's not'ing at all, for w'en winter come
Narcisse got plaintee more work, ba gum!
Shovellin' snow till hees back was sore,
Makin' some track for de horse an' sleigh,
Kipin' look out dey don't run away,
An' freezin' outside on de double door.

But w'enever de vault on de church is fill
Wit' de peop' was waitin' down dere ontil
Dey can go on de cimetière,
For fear dem student will come aroun'
An' tak' de poor dead folk off to town
Narcisse offen watch for dem all night dere.

An' de girl Josephine she 's her fader's pet,
He never see nobody lak her yet,
So w'en he 's goin' on St. Jerome

For travel about on some leetle tour
An' lef' her alone on de house, I 'm sure
De house she 's all right w'en he 's comin'
home.

Wall! nearly t'ree year is come an' go,
De quietes' year de village know,
For dem student don't show hees face,
An' de peop' is beginnin' to ax w'at for
Dey 're alway goin' on Ile Bizard
An' never pass on our place.

But it 's bully tam for de ole Narcisse,
An' w'en he 's lettin' heem go de pries'
For stay away two t'ree day
He t'ink of course it was purty good chance,
So he buy heem new coat an' pair of pants,
An' go see hees frien' noder side de bay.

An' dat very sam' night, ba gosh! it seem
De girl 's not dreamin' some pleasan' dream
For she visit de worse place never seen
Down on T'ree Reever, an' near Kebeck
W'ere robber-man's chokin' her on de neck—
De poor leetle Josephine!

So she 's risin' up den and she tak' de gun
An' off on de winder she quickly run
For fear she might need a shot
An' dem student he 's comin' across de square

Right on de front of de cimetière
An' carryin' somet'ing—you know w'at!

So she 's takin' good aim on de beeges' man
An' pull de trigger de hard she can,
An' he 's yellin' an' down he go,
Hees frien' dey say not'ing, but clear out quick,
Dat 's way Josephine she was playin' trick
On feller was treatin' poor dead folk so!

Den she kick up a row an' begin to feel
Very sorry right off for de boy she keel
An' de nex' t'ing she 's startin' cry
An' call on her fader an' moder too,
Poor leetle Josephine Beaulieu,
An' wishin' she 'd lak to die.

But she did n't die den, an' he 's leevin' yet—
Dat feller was comin' so near hees deat'—
For she 's nursin' heem back to life,
Dey 're feexin' it someway, I dunno how,
But dey 're marry an' leev' in de city now
An' she 's makin' heem firse class wife.

An' Narcisse hese'f he was alway say,
" It 's fonny t'ing how it come dat way
But I 'm not very sorry at all,
Course I know ma son he 's not doin' right,
But man he was haulin' aroun' dat night
Is worse ole miser on Cote St. Paul."



Child Thoughts

WRITTEN TO COMMEMORATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BROTHER TOM'S BIRTHDAY

O MEMORY, take my hand to-day
And lead me thro' the darkened bridge
Washed by the wild Atlantic spray
And spanning many a wind-swept ridge
Of sorrow, grief, of love and joy,
Of youthful hopes and manly fears!
O! let me cross the bridge of years
And see myself again a boy!

The shadows pass—I see the light,
O morning light, how clear and strong!
My native skies are smiling bright,
No more I grope my way along,
It comes, the murmur of the tide
Upon my ear—I hear the cry
Of wandering sea birds as they fly
In trooping squadrons far and near.

The breeze that blows o'er Mullaghmore
I feel against my boyish cheek

The white-walled huts that strew the shore
From Castlegal to old Belleek,
The fisher folk of Donegal,
Kindly of heart and strong of arm,
Who plough the ocean's treacherous farm,
How plainly I behold them all!

The thrush's song, the blackbird's note,
The wren within the hawthorn hedge,
The robin's swelling vibrant throat,
The leveret crouching in the sedge!
In those dear days, ah! what was school?
When Nature made our pulses thrill!
The lessons we remember still
Were learnt at Nature's own footstool!

"The hounds are out! the beagles chase
Along the slopes of Tawley's plain!"
I rise and follow in the race
Till fox, or hare, or both are slain,
With heart ablaze, I loose the reins
Of all my childish fierce desire,
My faith! 't is Ireland plants the fire
And iron in her children's veins!

The mountain linnet whistles sweet
Among the gorse of summer-time,
As up the hill with eager feet
The sun of morning sees me climb

Until at last I sink to rest
 Where heatherbells swing to the tune
 That Benbo breezes softly croon —
A tired child on the mother's breast!

And now in wisdom's riper years,
 Ah, wisdom! what a price we pay
Of sorrow, grief, of smiles and tears,
 Before we reach that wiser day!
We meet to greet in joy and mirth
 The white-haired parent of us all
 Our childhood's memories to recall
And bless the land that gave us birth.

Bateese and his Little Decoys

O I 'm very very tire Marie,
I wonder if I 'm able hol' a gun
An' me dat 's alway risin' wit' de sun
An' travel on de water, an' paddle ma canoe
An' trap de mink an' beaver de fall an' winter t'roo,
But now I t'ink dat fun is gone forever.

Wall! I 'm mebbe stayin' long enough,
For eighty-four I see it on de spring;
Dough ma fader he was feelin' purty tough
An' at ninety year can do mos' ev'ry t'ing,
But I never know de feller, don't care how ole he come,
Dat is n't sure to t'ink he 's got anoder year, ba gum!
Before he lif' de anchor for de las' tam!

It 's not so easy lyin' on de bed,
An' lissen to de wil' bird on de bay,
Dey know dat poor Bateese is nearly dead,
Or dey would n't have such good fun ev'ry day!

Put ma gun upon de piller near de winder, jus' for luck,
Den bring w'ere I can see dem, ma own nice leetle duck
So I have some talk wit' dem mese'f dis morning.

Ah! dere you 're comin' now! mes beaux canards!
Dat 's very pleasan' day, an' how you feel ?
Of course you dunno w'at I want you for,
Wall! lately I 've been t'inkin' a good deal
Of all de fuss I 'm havin' show you w'at you ought to do
W'en de cole win' of October de blin' is blowing t'roo
An' de bluebill 's flyin' up an' down de reever.

O! de bodder I 'm havin' wit' you all!
It 's makin' me feel ole before ma tam!
Stan' over dere upon de right again de wall,
Ma-dame Lapointe—I 'm geevin' you Madame
'Cos you walk aroun' de sam' way as ma cousin Aurelie
An' lak youse'f she 's havin' de large large familee,
Now let us see you don't forget your lesson!

Qu-a-a-ck! you 're leetle hoarse to-day, don't you t'ink ?
Quack! quack! quack! dat 's right Mamzelle Louise!
You go lak dat, an' quicker dan a wink,
It 'll ring across de lake along de breeze,
Till de wil' bird dey will lissen up de reever far an' near,
An' tole de noder wan too, de musique dey was hear
An' dey 'll fly aroun' our head before we know it.

Come here, Francois, an' min' you watch youse'f!
You can't forget de las' day we was out,
Your breat' dere 's very leetle of it lef'
An' I tole you it was better shut your mout'
W'en you start dat fancy yellin', for it soun' de sam' to me
Lak de devil he was goin' on de beeges' kin' of spree,
Francois! dat 's not de way for mak' de shootin'!

Wan—two—t'ree,—now let us hear you please,
It is n't very hard job if you try,
Purten' you 're feelin' lonesome lak Louise
An' want to see de sweetheart bimeby,

Quack! quack! quack!
O! stop dat screechin', don't never spik no more
For if anyt'ing, sapree, tonnerre! you 're worser dan before,
I wonder w'at you do wit' all your schoolin'!

Come out from onderneat' de bed, Lisette,
I believe you was de fattes' of de lot;
It 's handy too of course, for you never feel de wet,
An' w'en you lak to try it, O! w'at a voice you got!
So let us play it 's blowin' hard, an' duck is up de win'
An' you want to reach dem—sure—now we 're ready for begin,
Hooraw! an' never min' de noise dat you 're makin'.

Quack! quack! quack! quack! O! let me tak' de gun
For I would n't be astonish w'en Lisette is get de start,
Roun' de house dey 'll come a-flyin', an' den we 'll have de fun!
Yass, yass, kip up de flappin', O! ain't she got de heart!

Not many duck can beat her, an' I wish I had
some more,
Can mak' de song lak dat upon de water!

Dat 's very funny how it ketch de crowd!
An' now dey 're goin, all de younger wan!
But if you don't stop singin' out so loud,
I 'm sorry I mus' tole you all begone,
'Cos I want to go to sleep, for I 'm very very
tire,
An' de shiver 's comin' on me! so Marie poke
up de fire
An' mebbe I 'll feel better on de morning.

.

De leetle duck may call on de spring tam an'
de fall
W'en dey see de wil' bird flyin' on de air
Dey may cry aroun' hees door, but he 'll never
come no more
For showin' dem de lesson! ole Jean Bateese
Belair.

Phil-o-Rum's Canoe

"OMA ole canoe! w'at 's matter wit' you,
an' w'y was you be so slow ?
Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an'
still you don't seem to go—
No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current
she don't be strong,
Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy for
move along ?

" I 'member de tam w'en you jomp de sam' as
deer wit' de wolf behin'
An' brochet on de top de water, you scare
heem mos' off hees min';
But fish don't care for you now at all, only jus'
mebbe wink de eye,
For he know it 's easy git out de way w'en you
was a passin' by."

I 'm spikin' dis way jus' de oder day w'en I 'm
out wit' de ole canoe,
Crossin' de point w'ere I see las' fall wan very
beeg caribou,

W'en somebody say, " Phil-o-rum, mon vieux,
wat 's matter wit' you youse'f ? "
An' who do you s'pose was talkin' ? w'y de
poor ole canoe shese'f.

O yass, I 'm scare w'en I 'm sittin' dere, an'
she 's callin' ma nam' dat way:
" Phil-o-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche,
you 're off on de head to-day
Can't be you forget ole feller, you an' me
we 're not too young,
An' if I 'm lookin' so ole lak you, I t'ink I
will close ma tongue.

" You should feel ashame; for you 're alway
blame, w'en it is n't ma fault at all
For I 'm tryin' to do bes' I can for you on sum-
mer-tam, spring, an' fall.
How offen you drown on de reever if I 'm not
lookin' out for you
W'en you 're takin' too moche on de w'isky
some night comin' down de Soo.

" De firse tam we go on de Wessoneau no fel-
ler can beat us den,
For you 're purty strong man wit' de paddle,
but dat 's long ago ma frien',

An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an' tonder an' rain may come,
But camp see us bote on de evening—you know dat was true Phil-o-rum.

" An' who 's your horse too, but your ole canoe, an' w'en you feel cole an' wet
Who was your house w'en I 'm upside down an' onder de roof you get,
Wit' rain ronnin' down ma back, Baptême! till I 'm gettin' de rheumateez,
An' I never say not'ing at all, moi-même, but let you do jus' you please.

" You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night on reever side down below,
An' even ' Bon Soir ' you was never say, but off on de camp you go
Leffin' your poor ole canoe behin' lyin' dere on de groun'
Watchin' de moon on de water, an' de bat flyin' all aroun'.

" O! dat 's lonesome t'ing hear de grey owl sing up on de beeg pine tree
An' many long night she kip me awake till sun on de eas' I see,

An' den you come down on de morning for
start on some more voyage,
An' only t'ing decen' you do all day is carry
me on portage.

" Dat 's way Phil-o-rum, rheumateez she
come, wit' pain ronnin' troo ma side
Wan leetle hole here, noder beeg wan dere, dat
not'ing can never hide;
Don't do any good fix me up agen, no matter
how moche you try,
For w'en we come ole an' our work she 's
done, bote man an' canoe mus' die."

" Wall! she talk dat way mebbe mos' de day,
till we 're passin' some beaver dam
An' wan de young beaver he 's mak' hees tail
come down on de water flam!
I never see de canoe so scare, she jomp nearly
two, t'ree feet
I t'ink she was goin' for ronne away, an' she
shut up de mout' toute suite.

It mak' me feel queer, de strange t'ing I hear,
an' I 'm glad she don't spik no more,
But soon as we fin' ourse'f arrive over dere on
de noder shore

I tak' dat canoe lak de lady, an' carry her off
wit' me,
For I 'm sorry de way I treat her, an' she
know more dan me, sapree!

Yass! dat 's smart canoe, an' I know it 's true,
w'at she 's spikin' wit' me dat day,
I 'm not de young feller I use to be w'en work
she was only play;
An' I know I was comin' closer on place w'ere
I mus' tak' care
W'ere de mos' worse current 's de las' wan too,
de current of Dead Riviere.

You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit'
wave dashin' all aroun',
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere
some very smart man get drown;
But if you be locky an' watch youse'f, mebbe
reever won't seem so wide,
An' firse t'ing you know you 'll ronne ashore,
safe on de noder side.



The Log Jam

DERE 's a beeg jam up de reever, w'ere rapide is runnin' fas',
An' de log we cut las' winter is takin' it all de room;
So boss of de gang is swearin', for not'ing at all can pass
An' float away down de current till somebody break de boom.

" Here 's for de man will tak' de job, holiday for a week
Extra monee w'en pay day come, an' ten dollar suit of clothes.
'T is n't so hard work run de log, if only you do it quick—
W'ere 's de man of de gang den is ready to say, ' Here goes ? ' "

Dere was de job for a feller, handy an' young an' smart,
Willin' to tak' hees chances, willin' to risk hees life.

'Cos many a t'ing is safer, dan tryin' de boom to start,
For if de log wance ketch you, dey 're cuttin' you lak a knife.

Aleck Lachance he lissen, an' answer heem right away
" Marie Louise dat 's leevin' off on de shore close by
She 's sayin' de word was mak' me mos' happies' man to-day
An' if you ax de reason I 'm ready to go, dat 's w'y."

Pierre Delorme he 's spikin' den, an' O! but he 's lookin' glad.
" Dis morning de sam' girl tole me, she mus' say to me, ' Good-bye Pierre.'
So no wan can stop me goin', for I feel I was comin' mad
An' wedder I see to-morrow, dat 's not'ing, for I don't care."

Aleck Lachance was steady, he 's bully boy all aroun',
Alway sendin' de monee to hees moder away below,

Now an' den savin' a leetle for buyin' de house
an' groun',
An' never done t'inkin', t'inkin' of Marie
Louise Lebeau.

Pierre was a half-breed feller, we call heem de
grand Nor' Wes'—
Dat is de place he 's leevin' w'en he work
for de Compagnie,
Dey say he 's marry de squaw dere, never min'
about all de res'—
An' affer he get hees monee, he 's de boy
for de jamboree!

Ev'ry wan start off cheerin' w'en dey pass on
de log out dere
Jompin' about lak monkey, Aleck an' Pierre
Delorme.
Workin' de sam' as twenty, an' runnin' off
ev'ryw'ere,
An' busy on all de places, lak beaver before
de storm.

Den we hear some wan shoutin', an' dere was
dat crazy girl,
Marie Louise, on de hillside, cryin' an' raisin'
row.

Could n't do not'ing worser! mos' foolish t'ing on de worl'
For Pierre Delorme an' Aleck was n't workin' upon de scow.

Bote of dem turn aroun' dere w'en girl is commencin' cry,
Lak woman I wance remember, got los' on de bush t'ree day,
" Look how de log is movin'! I 'm seein' it wit' ma eye,
Come back out of all dem danger! " an' den she was faint away.

Ten year I been reever driver, an' mebbe know somet'ing too,
An' dere was n't a man don't watch for de minute dem log she go;
But never a word from de boss dere, stannin' wit' all hees crew,
So how she can see dem movin' don't ax me, for I dunno.

Hitch dem all up togeder, t'ousan' horse crazy mad—
Only a couple of feller for han'le dem ev'ry wan,

Scare dem wit' t'onder an' lightning, an' den 't is n't half so bad
As log runnin' down de rapide, affer de boom she 's gone.

See dem nex' day on de basin, you t'ink dey was t'roo de fight
Cut wit' de sword an' bullet, lyin' along de shore
You 'd pity de log, I 'm sure, an' say 't was terrible sight
But man goin' t'roo de sam' t'ing, you 'd pity dat man some more.

An' Pierre w'en he see dem goin' an' log jompin' up an' down
De sign of de cross he 's makin' an' dive on de water dere,
He know it 's all up hees chances, an' he rader be goin' drown
Dan ketch by de rollin' timber, an' dat 's how he go, poor Pierre.

Aleck's red shirt is blazin' off w'ere we hear de log
Crackin' away an' bangin', sam' as a honder gun,

Lak' sun on de morning tryin' to peep t'roo
de reever fog—
But Aleck's red shirt is redder dan ever I see
de sun.

An' w'en dey 're tryin' wake her: Marie
Louise Lebeau,
On her neck dey fin' a locket, she 's kipin' so
nice an' warm,
An' dey 're tolin' de funny story, de funnies'
I dunno—
For de face, Baptême! dey see dere, was de
half-breed Pierre Delorme!



The Canadian Magpie

MOS' ev'rywan lak de robin
An' it 's pleasan' for hear heem sing,
Affer de winter 's over
An' it 's comin' anoder spring.
De snow 's hardly off de mountain
An' it 's cole too among de pine
But you know w'en he sing, de sout' win'
Is crowdin' heem close behin'.

An' mebbe you hear de grosbec
Sittin' above de nes'—
An' you see by de way he 's goin'
De ole man 's doin' hees bes'
Makin' de wife an' baby
Happy as dey can be—
An' proud he was come de fader
Such fine leetle familee.

De gouglou of course he 's nicer
Dan many de bird dat fly,
Dunno w'at we do widout heem,
But offen I wonder w'y
He can't stay quiet a minute
Lak res' of de small oiseaux
An' finish de song he 's startin'
Till whish! an' away he go!

Got not'ing to say agen dem,
De gouglou an' all de res'—
'Cept only dey lak de comfort,
An' come w'en it suit dem bes'—
For soon as de summer 's passin'
An' leaf is begin to fall—
You 'll walk t'roo de wood an' medder
An' never hear wan bird call.

But come wit' me on de winter
On place w'ere de beeg tree grow
De smoke of de log house chimley
Will tole you de way to go—
An' if you 're not too unlucky
De w'iskey jack dere you 'll see
Flyin' aroun' de shaintee
An' dat was de bird for me.

You 'll mebbe not lak hees singin'
Dough it 's better dan not'ing too,

For affer he do hees bes', den
W'at more can poor Johnnie do ?
It 's easy job sing on summer
De sam' as de rossignol—
But out of door on de winter
Jus' try it youse'f—dat 's all.

See heem dere, now he 's comin'
Hoppin' an' hoppin' aroun'
W'en we start on de morning early
For work till de sun go down—
T'row heem hees piece of breakfas'
An' hear heem say " merci bien,"
For he 's fond of de pork, ba golly!
Sam' as de Canayen.

De noise of de axe don't scare heem
He stay wit' us all de day,
An' w'en he was feelin' lak' it
Ride home wit' de horse an' sleigh.
Den affer we reach de shaintee
He 's waitin' to see us back
Jompin' upon de log dere
Good leetle w'iskey jack!

So here 's to de bird of winter
Wearin' de coonskin coat,
W'enever it 's bird election
You bet he can get ma vote—

Dat 's way I be feel about it,
Voyageurs let her go today!
W'iskey jack, get ready, we drink you
Toujours à vot' bonne santé!
Baptême!



The Red Canoe

DE win' is sleepin' in de pine, but O! de night is black!
An' all day long de loon bird cry on Lac Waya-gamack—
No light is shinin' by de shore for helpin' steer heem t'roo
W'en out upon de night, Ubalde he tak' de red canoe.

I hear de paddle dip, dip, dip! wance more I hear de loon—
I feel de breeze was show de way for storm dat 's comin' soon,
An' den de sky fly open wit' de lightning splittin' t'roo—
An' 'way beyon' de point I see de leetle red canoe.

It 's dark again, but lissen how across Waya-gamack
De tonder 's roarin' loud, an' now de mount-ains answer back—

I wonder wit' de noise lak dat, he hear me, le bon Dieu
W'en on ma knee I ax Heem save de leetle red canoe!

Is dat a voice, so far away, it die upon ma ear?
Or only win' was foolin' me, an' w'isperin' " Belzemire " ?
Yaas, yaas, Ubalde, your Belzemire she 's prayin' hard for you—
An' den again de lightning come, but w'ere 's de red canoe ?

.

Dey say I 'm mad, dem foolish folk, cos w'en de night is black
An' w'en de wave lak snow-dreef come on Lac Wayagamack
I tak' de place w'ere long ago we use to sit, us two,
An' wait until de lightning bring de leetle red canoe.

Two Hundred Years Ago

TWO honder year ago, de worl' is purty slow
Even folk upon dis contree 's not so smart,
Den who is travel roun' an' look out de pleasan' groun'
For geev' de Yankee peop' a leetle start ?
I 'll tole you who dey were! de beeg rough voyageurs,
W'it deir cousin w'at you call coureurs de bois,
Dat 's fightin' all de tam, an' never care a dam,
An' ev'ry wan dem feller he 's come from Canadaw
Baptême!
He 's comin' all de way from Canadaw.

But He watch dem, le bon Dieu, for He 's got some work to do,
An He won't trus' ev'ry body, no siree!
Only full blood Canadien, lak Marquette an' Hennepin,
An' w'at you t'ink of Louis Verandrye ?

On church of Bonsecours! makin' ready for
de tour,
See dem down upon de knee, all prayin' dere—
Wit' de paddle on de han' ev'ry good Canad-
ien man,
An' affer dey be finish, hooraw for anyw'ere.
Yass, sir!
Dey 're ready now for goin' anyw'ere.

De nort' win' know dem well, an' de prairie
grass can tell
How offen it is trample by de ole tam botte
sauvage—
An' grey wolf on hees den kip very quiet, w'en
He hear dem boy a' singin' upon de long
portage.
An' de night would fin' dem lie wit' deir faces
on de sky,
An' de breeze would come an' w'isper on deir
ear
'Bout de wife an' sweetheart dere on Sorel an'
Trois Rivieres
Dey may never leev' to see anoder year,
Dat 's true,
Dey may never leev' to kiss anoder year.

An' you 'll know de place dey go, from de
canyon down below,
Or de mountain wit' hees nose above de cloud,

De lake among de hill, w'ere de grizzly drink hees fill
Or de rapid on de reever roarin' loud;
Ax de wil' deer if de flash of de ole Tree Reever sash
He don't see it on de woods of Illinois
An' de musk ox as he go, w'ere de camp fire melt de snow,
De smell he still remember of tabac Canadien
Ha! Ha!
It 's hard forgettin' smell of tabac Canadien!

So, ma frien', de Yankee man, he mus' try an' understan'
W'en he holler for dat flag de Star an' Stripe,
If he 's leetle win' still lef', an' no danger hurt hese'f,
Den he better geev' anoder cheer, ba cripe!
For de flag of la belle France, dat show de way across,
From Louisbourg to Florida an' back;
So raise it ev'ryw'ere, lak' de ole tam voyageurs,
W'en you hear of de la Salle an' Cadillac—
Hooraw!
For de flag of de la Salle an' Cadillac.


THE END.

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Johnnie Courteau

And Other Poems

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIMPSON COBURN

Popular edition. Crown octavo, gilt top. Illustrated. (By mail, $1.35) net $1.25

Photogravure edition, with 17 full-page illustrations in photogravure, and text cuts from original designs. Octavo, gilt top in a box. (By mail, $2.65) . . net $2.50

"Johnnie Courteau" and "The Habitant"

2 vols., ¼ calf. Sets only net $5.00

"It is not his clever manipulation of the patois alone that has brought him popularity. He knows the kindly, simple people that speak it to the core; he is master of a telling minor touch of pathos, he has humor, and a wide sympathy with the French country folk of the Dominion. He has worthily earned a place in the literature of Canada. He has the human touch."—*Mail and Express.*

Autograph Edition. "Johnnie Courteau" and "The Habitant."

Limited to 1000 numbered sets. Each volume contains the author's autograph and a facsimile of the original manuscript.

Two volumes, with illustrations in photogravure from original designs by F. S. Coburn. In a box . net $10.00

Phil-o-Rum's Canoe

AND MADELEINE VERCHERES. Two Poems. With five photogravure illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn. Crown octavo 75 cts.

"In 'Phil-o-Rum's Canoe' Dr. Drummond opens up the founts of tears and laughter, and touches the simpler things of life, so as to stir the depths of human tenderness."—*Montreal Gazette.*

"Breathes throughout the odors, and pulses with the life of the primeval forest."—*Evening Post, Chicago.*

New York— G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS — London

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

The Voyageur

And Other Poems

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK S. COBURN

Uniform with the earlier works.

Popular Edition. Crown octavo, gilt top, illustrated. (By mail, $1.35) net $1.25

Photogravure Edition, with 16 full-page photogravure illustrations. Octavo, gilt top, in a box. (By mail, $2.65) net $2.50

"Dr. Drummond in his former volumes of verse has interpreted for us the simple life of the Canadian folk. In the present volume the same theme is pursued, but there is endless variety. One is convinced that the author saw the places that he describes, laughed with his characters, mourned with them, but above all, that he loved them and took a virile joy in their lives and in making them his companions."—*The Outlook.*

The Habitant

And Other French-Canadian Poems

With an Introduction by the French-Canadian Poet-Laureate
LOUIS FRECHETTE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIMPSON COBURN

Popular Edition. Crown octavo, gilt top, illustrated. (By mail, $1.35) net $1.25

Photogravure Edition, with 13 full-page illustrations in photogravure and text cuts from original designs. Octavo, gilt top, in a box. (By mail, $2.65) net $2.50

"Unconventional, captivating."—New York *Tribune.*
"Plenty of true humor here."—New York *Sun.*
"Fresh and racy in flavor and deftly rhymed."—Chicago *Dial.*
"There is nothing to equal it in fun-making."—Boston *Globe.*

The Great Fight

Poems and Sketches

Edited, with a Biographical Sketch, by MAY HARVEY DRUMMOND.

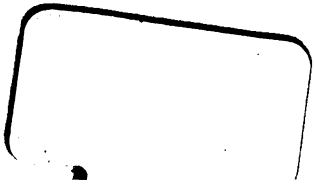
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIMPSON COBURN

Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, gilt top, illustrated. (By mail, $1.35) net, $1.25

Photogravure Edition. 8vo. With Illustrations in Photogravure. Bound in Quarter Calf, gilt top, in a box. (By mail, $2.65) . net $2.50

"Both author and artist enter most heartily and sympathetically into the life of Lower Canada, and portray its humor and pathos, its spirit and legends, in a way that is finding a world-wide audience."—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

New York—G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS—London



Can 9664.1.41.42
Johnnie Courteau,
Widener Library
004696712
3 2044 081 346 009